

WIN CHARLES BOYER'S PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH

Hollywood

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SEPTEMBER
NSC

5¢



Natural Color
Photo of
JOAN CRAWFORD
ROBERT TAYLOR
in
"The Gorgeous Hussy"

JOAN CRAWFORD TALKS
ABOUT BOB TAYLOR

Beautiful Eyes



with

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

MAYBELLINE MASCARA is obtainable in both the NEW perfected CREAM form and the ever-popular SOLID form.



INTRODUCTORY SIZES 10c . . AT ALL LEADING TEN CENT STORES

Two's Company

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



She evades all close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

It's immensely and vitally important—that first impression...when *boy* meets *girl*—when man meets woman.

And the first smile she gives him should be a quick flash of sheer beauty—white teeth in a healthy mouth.

But if she's been careless, heedless—her smile may be just an unpleasant glimpse of dingy teeth, of tender gums . . . and that "moment of magic"—that "instant of glamour" is lost forever.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

For the sake of your own good looks and good health—go directly to your dentist whenever you see that tinge of

"pink." It may be a symptom of a serious gum trouble. But it is far more likely to be a simple warning of gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—gums that will quickly respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

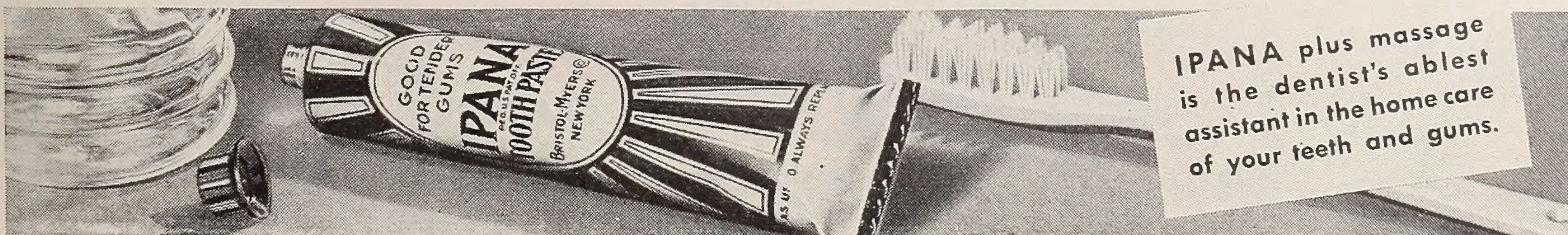
Modern dental teaching emphasizes this fact—today's soft foods are largely responsible for tender, ailing gums. They need far more work and exercise than they get to keep them *firm* and *healthy*. And that is why Ipana Tooth Paste and massage is so widely recommended—so widely practiced. Rub a little extra Ipana

into your gums every time you brush your

teeth, and *the reason is soon evident*.

For those lazy gums waken. Circulation increases. Gums feel stronger. You'll notice a firmer feeling, a healthier look. They're less "touchy," and more resistant.

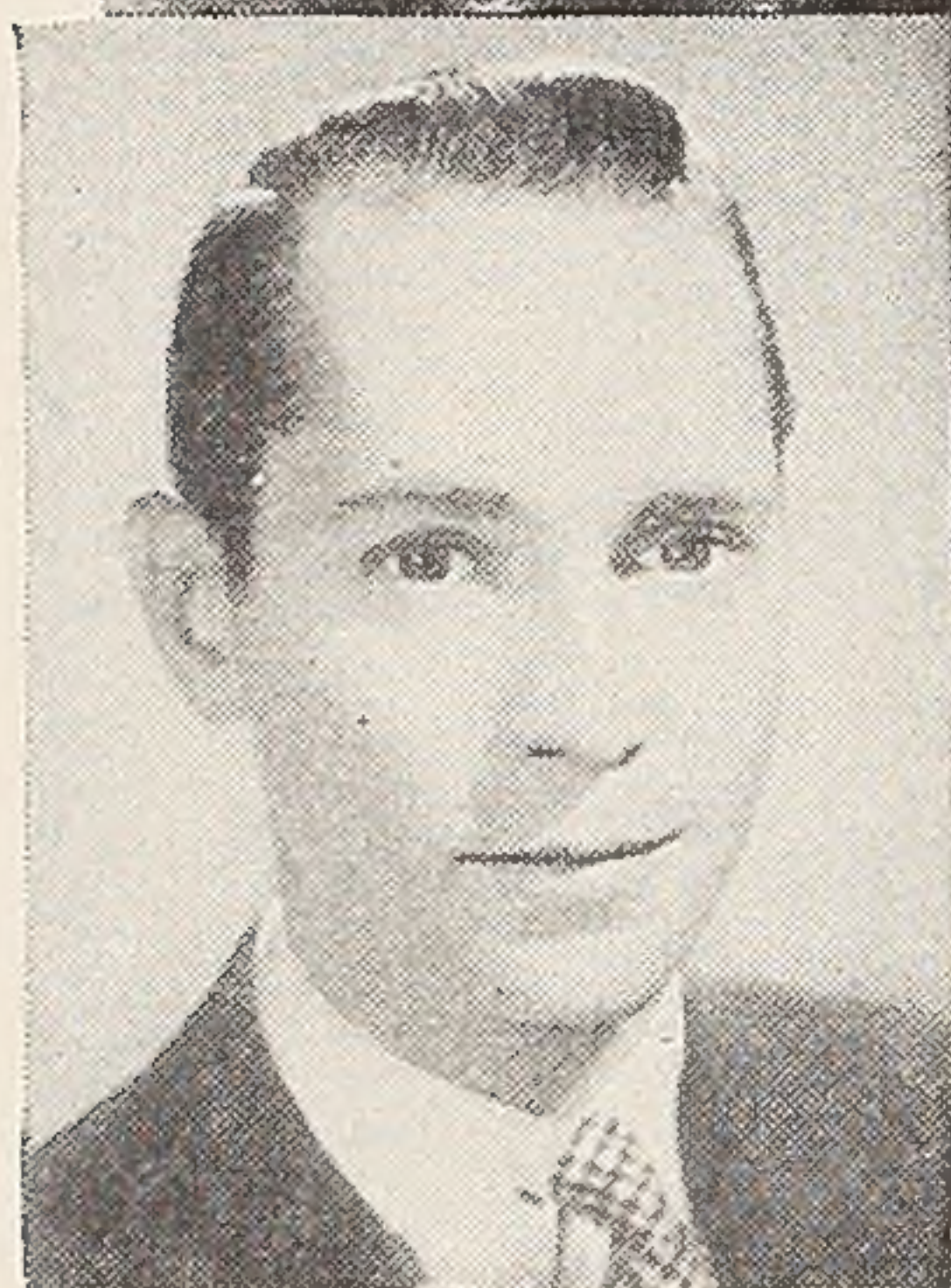
Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well as the teeth. So when you use Ipana in *addition* to massage, you are using the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of teeth and gums. You are giving the really serious gum troubles far fewer chances. And you are adding, every day, to your own beauty and your own power of attraction.



AMERICA'S
GORGEOUS
GIRL FRIEND

meets

AMERICA'S
NEWEST
HEART THROB

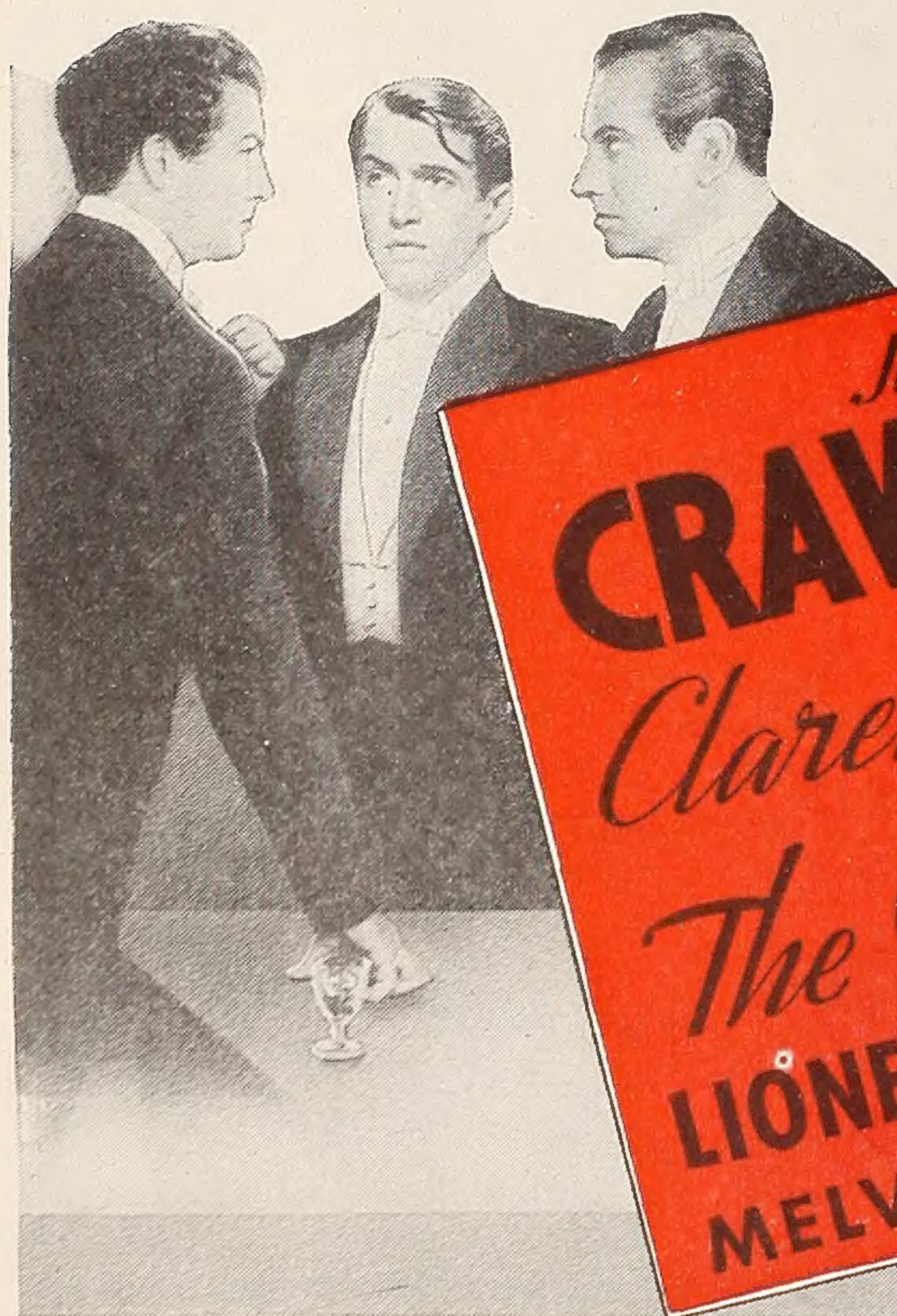


Joan's romantic companions (in addition to Bob Taylor) are M-G-M's latest discovery, James Stewart... handsome Melvyn Douglas (both below)...and—on the screen together for the first time since their marriage — Franchot Tone (above).

M-G-M TOPS ITS BIGGEST

*Six Headline Stars in the New
Spectacular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Drama*

Robert Taylor meets Joan Crawford—in the sizzling story of an outrageous flirt who couldn't make her heart behave. She defied conventions and slanderous tongues to live her romantic life to the hilt! Three men are tangled in the web of her enchantment in Samuel Hopkins Adams' story, and what a whale of a picture M-G-M has made of it!



Robert
CRAWFORD · TAYLOR
Clarence Brown's Production
The GORGEOUS HUSSY
LIONEL BARRYMORE · FRANCHOT TONE
MELVYN DOUGLAS · JAMES STEWART

Directed by
CLARENCE BROWN

Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ



AUG-5 1936

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SEPTEMBER, 1936

Vol. 25

No. 9

Hollywood

The News Reel
of the Stars

W. H. FAWCETT, Publisher

TED MAGEE, Editor

JACK SMALLEY, Managing Editor

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SEPTEMBER, 1936

Today in Hollywood



One of the toughest things to get in Hollywood is, of all things, a vacation. Pat O'Brien and his wife, Eloise, had been planning one for a long time. But Pat, being one of the really big stars in the village, has been too valuable to his studio to be allowed much time off. Finally, right after he threw a party for Bert Lytell (see top photo), he did manage to sneak off to Panama.



In the next photo, ladies and gentlemen, you see Bing Crosby cutting up with his script clerk, Eugene Busch. Bing dropped about 20 pounds in weight a short time ago. It made a different man of him. He looks like a real cowhand in *Rhythm on the Range*.



Next we have the irrepressible Jane Withers, out for some fun at the zoo. She's feeding this baby deer raw carrots, its favorite dessert. Jane, in case you have wondered, rates plenty high at 20th Century-Fox these days.



The bottom photo shows Loretta Young and Don Ameche going over their lines during production of *Ramona*. Don is headed for tremendous popularity. That's the story of Today in Hollywood. Come with us again next month for another peek!

Ted Magee, Editor

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL



Jeanette MacDonald, her prize-winning dog, and Gene Raymond. Imagine Gene's grief when he missed his own party (see text.)

Powell-Blondell Bulletin!

AS HOLLYWOOD Magazine goes to press, "straight" rumors indicate Joan Blondell and Dick Powell will be man and wife any day! The long delay in their nuptials has been necessitated while Joan waited for her final divorce papers from Cameraman George Barnes, from whom she parted a year ago.

Barring a change in plans, the Powell-Blondell marriage will be a strictly quiet affair which may even be suppressed for a spell, friends declare.

• •

Sullivan Keeps Things Happening

IMPULSIVE MARGARET SULLAVAN, whose last two pictures put her in tremendous demand at the box office, won't be seen in another film for a good many moons to come.

The arm which she fractured at Paramount soon after starting *I Married a Soldier* failed to mend properly. The cast was smashed in a fan mêlée at the opening of *The Great Ziegfeld*. Margaret remained undisturbed despite the experience, maintained no damage was done to the arm. Soon after she went to New York for special treatments.

Doctors told her it would be several months before she could safely make another film.

That's one reason for her trip to Europe. Another is a rumored plan to meet Henry Fonda, Husband No. 1, and try marriage again with him. Despite reports, her romance with William Wyler is definitely at an end. From now on they will be just friends.

• •

Back to the Soil

LOOKING AHEAD To a day—and he says it is not far away—when he will stow his make-up kit forever, Herbert Marshall has purchased forty acres of citrus land

near San Diego, where he will immediately begin construction of an 8-room Monterey-type home. It will be a typical bachelor abode.

While Bart and Gloria Swanson, principals in a three-year romance, are no longer discussing marriage plans, they continue to be the best of friends, dining together almost nightly.

It was the rumor that his former wife and mother of his daughter, Bridget, would make Marshall her fifth husband as soon as he was freed from Edna Best, English stage star, that sent Michael Farmer hurrying to Hollywood from London, intent upon launching court action to gain sole custody of the child.

Gloria's assurance that she does not intend to wed again, however, caused Farmer to drop threatened legal steps.



Nino Martini tries the "Martini Special" concocted by Clarence, whose little café near United Artists studio is a rendezvous of the stars. Nino is starring in *The World Is Mine*, with Ida Lupino and Leo Carrillo

Bette Wages a War

FRECKLE-FACED BETTE DAVIS's contract trouble with Warner Brothers is just one of a whole series that have plagued the brothers of late.

Bette is out of sorts with the studio because she receives neither five thousand nor two thousand—but very much less—per week. That, she believes, is grossly unfair in this city of fabulous salaries.

Replies the studio: she got a new long term contract a year ago with a sharp raise in pay. With the contract negotiated, Warners set out to build her up in big

[Continued on page 8]

ROSCOE FAWCETT DIES

Succumbing after a long illness, Captain Roscoe Fawcett, vice president of Fawcett Publications, Inc., passed away a fortnight ago in Rochester, Minn. His brother, Wilford H. Fawcett, was with him when the end came.

Captain Fawcett had a brilliant record in the World War. Sent overseas after flying training at March Field, Captain Fawcett volunteered to fly an important message from London to a point in France, a hazardous undertaking in those early days of aviation. He became lost in the fog over the channel and crashed near the cliffs of Dover. Sent home seriously injured, the war was over before he was discharged from the hospital.

Born in Canada in 1887, he received his high school and college education in North Dakota. After college he entered the newspaper business and in 1923 joined Fawcett Publications, Inc., founded by his brother.



Claudette Colbert and her publicity-dodging husband, Dr. Joel Pressman! We snapped this one at the Actors' Fund Benefit. Over on the left is Warner Oland, and just to the right of Dr. Pressman in the background is the handsome face of Sir Guy Standing

Your favorite soldier of fortune,
the dashing "Bengal Lancer",
laughing, fighting his way
through another glorious
romantic adventure.

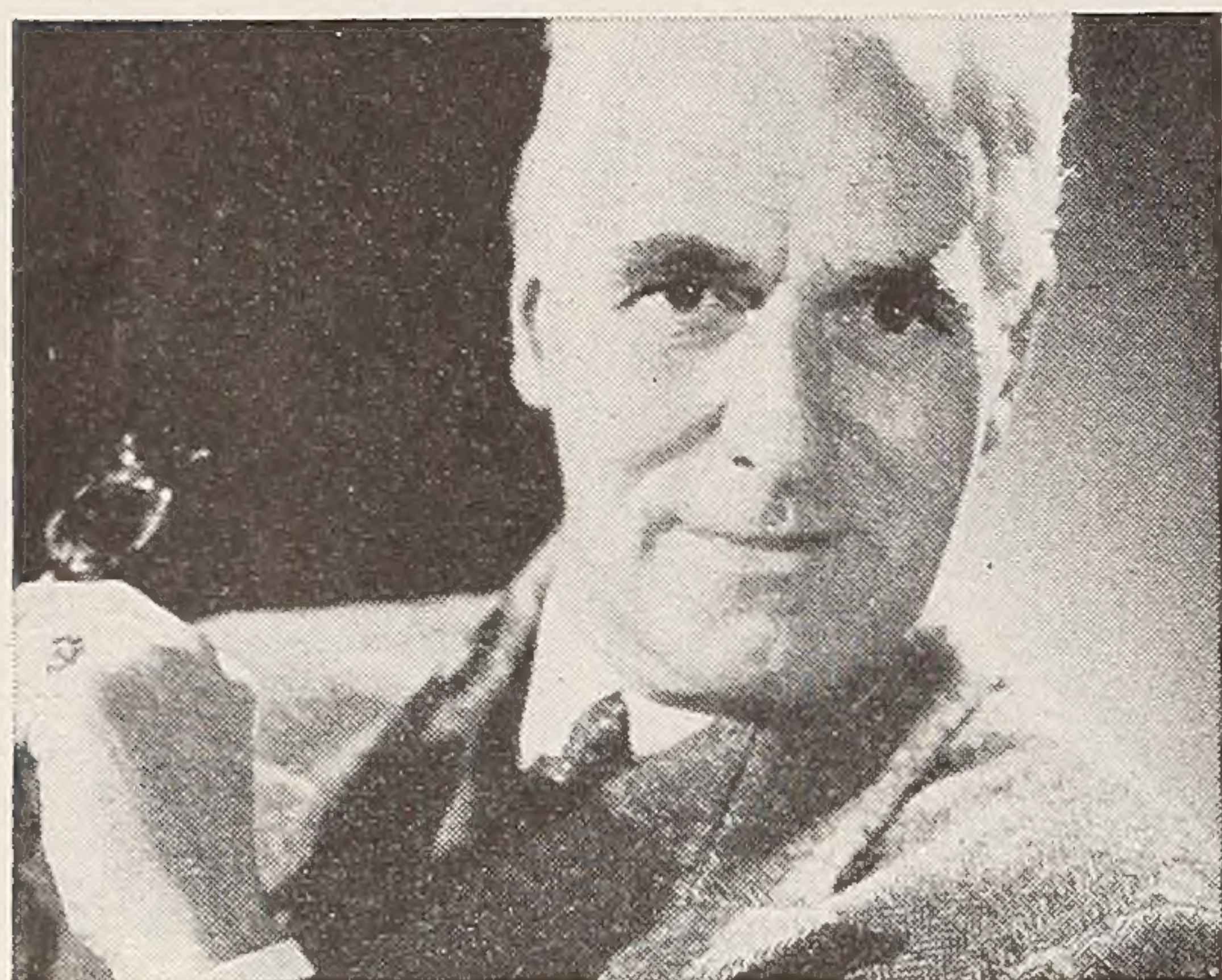


Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll
in **"THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN"**

with William Frawley, Akim Tamiroff, and Porter Hall. A
Paramount Picture. Directed by Lewis Milestone. Screen
play by America's foremost playwright. Clifford Odets.

(Advertisement)

Let's see what the doctor says about laxatives



AS SYMPATHETIC as your doctor is with his patients, he is strictly a scientist in his attitude towards health. He has, for instance, certain definite standards which he demands of a laxative before giving it his approval. These requirements are listed below. Read them carefully for your own good.

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A GOOD LAXATIVE

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS THIS TEST AT EVERY POINT

Next time you need a laxative remember this: Ex-Lax fulfills the doctor's requirements at *every* point. Doctors everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own families. Mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust for over 30 years. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, it has steadily risen in public confidence. Today more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative in the world.

PROVE THE DOCTOR'S POINTS YOURSELF

Try Ex-Lax. See how mild and gentle it is—how thorough. Find out for yourself how easy it works. No upset stomach. No pain. No nausea. Ex-Lax is intended only to help Nature—and to do it without shock or violence.

If you have been taking nasty, druggy-tasting laxatives, you'll be delighted to find how pleasant Ex-Lax is. For Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children *enjoy* taking it. And it is just as good for them as for adults.

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. FG 96, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Hollywood Newsreel

(Continued from page six)



Important people from Sam Goldwyn's *Dodsworth* company! This picture was snapped in Merle Oberon's bungalow dressing room as she conferred with Director William Wyler and Walter Huston (right). They were all attending a luncheon given for Acting British Consul A. H. Tandy

pictures. This, they claim, is what they get for being nice.

The battle isn't over yet!

• •

It Really is a Martini!

NIFTY NEW COCKTAIL was designed by Clarence, of the café bearing his name, in honor of Nino Martini. Here's the recipe:

1 oz. Bacardi rum (light)
½ oz. brandy
½ oz. gin
Add half a lime and half spoon sugar,
shake well.

Martini is making last of the Pickford-Lasky pictures, called *The World is Mine*. Mary and Jesse Lasky bumped into too many production problems, decided to call it off.

The new film may change their minds, as it's a color film with the gorgeous Martini singing, against a fast yarn of love and action below the border. Carrillo is a Mex bandit who tries American efficiency methods in his calling, with many humorous results. Rouben Mamoulian is directing from a story by Wallace Smith.

• •

Too Many Parties

GENE RAYMOND is dodging a lot of people in Hollywood just now. And all because he got in a tight spot without knowing it.

Gene's mother invited a bunch of friends up to his house for a surprise party one afternoon. She neglected to tell Gene about the affair. He failed to show up.

By the time they finally located Gene, the party was over and the friends had gone home. Gene had been at Ginger Rogers' place all afternoon—attending a party.

• •

How They Film Earthquakes

THE EARTHQUAKE in *San Francisco* was made by putting the stage on rollers. Few of the shots were in miniature. It was at first planned to have the earth open and swallow a street car full of people, but this proved too ambitious and had to be abandoned. Operated on pulleys and moving on wheels put underneath the entire moving stage, the earthquake sequence cost \$350,000.

When they demolished the court house they had eighteen men with pulleys who yanked each at a different signal, and the thing was in breakaway, so that each pulled off a different section with hidden levers.

Underneath were motors to give the shivering effect.

Walls were constructed in papier maché.

FANAGRAM WINNER

To Sara O. Saville, 1910 Fulton Street, San Francisco, California, goes Margaret Sullivan's wedding ring for the best Fanagram entry of that month.

Miss Saville's solution was selected from hundreds of others because of the many double fanagrams she made from the name, Olivia de Havilland. Miss Saville created twenty-six double fanagrams, using every letter in the alphabet, one for each fanagram.



UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

WILLIAM
POWELL
AS THE BUTLER

CAROLE
LOMBARD
AS THE DEBUTANTE

in

"MY MAN GODFREY"

with

Alice Brady • Gail Patrick • Jean Dixon
Eugene Pallette • Alan Mowbray

From Eric Hatch's glorious Liberty Magazine serial "Irene, The
Stubborn Girl," and "My Man Godfrey," the popular novel version

Produced and Directed by GREGORY LA CAVA
CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

(Advertisement)



Why did you buy the dress you're wearing? Because *you liked the design and color!* Why did you select that rug—or that dinner set—or that vase—or that lamp? Because of *design and color!* What first attracted you to that toilet preparation? *The beauty of the package or container!*

Color and design influence the sale of most things we buy today, but,—all these attractive things don't just *happen* to be beautiful. They are *designed* by artists before they are manufactured,—artists who once were amateurs but *by training* have become expert. Magazines, newspapers, publishers and advertisers also spend millions yearly for designs and illustrations.

Commercial artists, one might say, are super-salesmen with brush and pencil,—key factors in industry. Machines can never displace them. *Girls can earn as much as men*—are often better fitted for the work.

Training that has Brought Results

The Federal Schools, affiliated with a large art, engraving and printing organization, has trained many young artists now capable of earning from \$1000 to \$5000 yearly as designers or illustrators. Its Home Study courses in Commercial Art, Illustrating and Cartooning contain exclusive illustrated lessons by many famous artists. Practical instruction by experienced men is the reason for its many years of outstanding success. Courses sold on easy monthly payments.

Do You Like to Draw?

If so, test your sense of design, color, proportion, etc., with our simple Art Ability Test. Get a frank opinion, *free*, as to whether your talent is worth developing. With it you will receive our free book describing the training and outlining present opportunities in art. You may have real talent. Don't neglect it. If properly trained, it may bring you a good income and an easier, happier life. Just fill out and mail the coupon below.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC.
9076 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn.

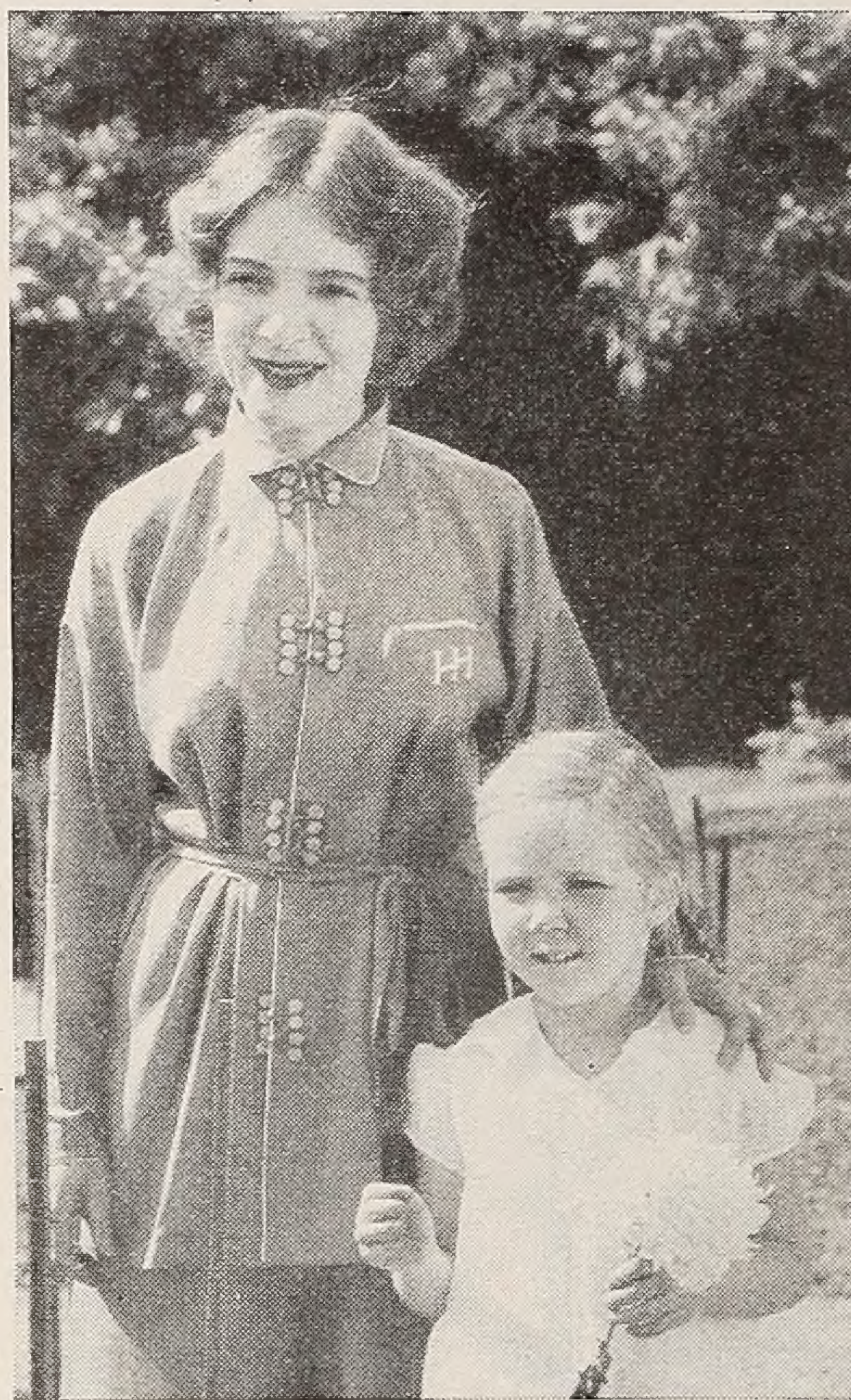
Send me your Free Art Test and Book.

Name.....

Address.....

Age..... Occupation.....

The Truth About the Helen Hayes Affair!



Affection stealer? That's the charge Carol Frink, ex-wife of Charles MacArthur, hurled at Helen Hayes, shown above with her "act of God" daughter, Mary

AN EFFORT TO PAINT Helen Hayes as a "dashing, glamorous woman who saw her man and got him," fell flat in a Chicago circuit court when Carol Frink, first wife of Playwright Charles MacArthur dropped her \$100,000 suit against Miss Hayes, charging her with alienation of the MacArthur affections. She even added that she was convinced there was "no malice whatsoever on the part of Helen Hayes when she became engaged to MacArthur."

Back in 1920, fiery, snub-nosed Carol Frink gained local fame as "our little girl reporter" for a Chicago sheet. The youthful MacArthur, fresh back from the war, was the darling of the Chicago newspaper world, his latest gag on every tongue.

After a romance beside the office water-cooler, MacArthur and Miss Frink were married, and began a nomadic life, full of not unusual battles, and reconciliations all over the country from New York to California.

Their life together ended after a couple of years when MacArthur stayed in New York to be beside bed-ridden Edward Sheldon with whom he was collaborating on a play (*Lulu Belle*) and Carol Frink returned to her old newspaper job in Chicago.

Each was living on a reporter's salary when in 1923 Carol brought suit for separate maintenance, adding the magnanimous hope that some "good simple woman would, after a reasonable pause, devote herself to Charles."

Enter Helen Hayes

● THE PAUSE WAS VERY reasonable, indeed—lasting five years—for it was not until 1928 that Hayes and MacArthur were married. Meantime MacArthur had not met Hayes but he was seen about a good deal with such good, simple women as Beatrice Lillie, Dorothy Parker, Eve La Galliene and June Walker. Cynical old Broadway had forgotten all about the hard-working little newspaper woman back in Chicago. It is extremely doubtful if her name was mentioned when MacArthur finally met Hayes.

First sighted at a cocktail party in the apartment of Artist Neysa McMein, MacArthur invited Miss Hayes to have a peanut, remarking in a manner which nicely blended the ironic with the gallant, "I wish they were emeralds!"

(It was this statement later repeated in a fan article that brought Carol Frink to the realization that she had been a dope; married to her at the time, here Charles was going about offering peanuts to other women at cocktail parties!)

At the time of this meeting Helen Hayes had the reputation of having worked



Playwright MacArthur was just a newspaperman when his first marriage went haywire. With affluence came grief. The real story is told here in detail

harder than any girl her age on the stage, and of having gotten farther. MacArthur, with one hit play to his credit, was by no means the established playwright he is today.

Testimony at the trial showed that Miss Frink had a regrettable tendency to bring up financial matters in all discussions concerning divorce. In 1926 she finally sued and MacArthur finally filed a cross bill, charging desertion. "Hell," he told Carol, "hath no fury like a woman cross-billed."

News Bretherin Stand Together

● THE DIVORCE WAS granted in Chicago where the public, looking hopefully for a spicy account of the MacArthur goings on, was disappointed when hard-
[Continued on page 58]

Carole Lombard's beauty bath

protects daintiness—
leaves skin *sweet*



I STEP INTO A
FRAGRANT
LUX TOILET SOAP
BATH—LIE BACK
A MOMENT
COMPLETELY
RELAXED

OFTEN I COME
HOME FROM A
LONG DAY BEFORE
THE CAMERA
THOROUGHLY
TIRED OUT

WHEN I STEP OUT I
AM SO MARVELOUSLY
REFRESHED! MY
SKIN IS SOFT AND
SMOOTH—DELICATELY
PERFUMED

A LOVELY screen star—a famous and beautiful woman—Carole Lombard tells you a simple beauty secret you'll find easy and delightful to follow.

You'll be amazed at the way a luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath peps you up. The ACTIVE lather of this fine soap sinks deep into the pores, carries away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt, leaves skin *really* clean—smooth—delicately fragrant.

"A *swell* way to protect daintiness!" popular girls say. Why don't *you* use this fine complexion soap for your daily beauty bath, too? It's the soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use to keep skin flawless.

CAROLE LOMBARD
Famous Paramount Star



Bride..Queen..Martyr
ALL IN NINE DAYS
You'll cry and love it!

"Because little Lady Jane is my favorite character, and her love story my favorite love story... I was a tough audience... I ended up in tears on my knees... I sincerely believe that it is one of the great pictures..."

—Adela Rogers St. Johns
"LIBERTY"

Cedric
HARDWICKE
Nova PILBEAM
NINE
DAYS
A Queen

JOHN MILLS
DESMOND TESTER
SYBIL THORNDIKE

Directed by Robert Stevenson

COMING TO YOUR
FAVORITE THEATRE

A  *Production*

FAN MAIL

by HARMONY HAYNES



Nelson Eddy wore a tux at the wrong time (see text below)... so he staged another party, at which you see: William Powell, Aline MacMahon, Otto Kruger, Jean Arthur, Nelson Eddy, Mitzi Cummings, W. S. Van Dyke, Raquel Torres, and Frank Morgan

OVER AND OVER AGAIN, readers ask the same questions: "Do the stars answer their own fan mail?" or "Do the stars read their own fan mail?" and disappointing as this may be to most of you, the answer is "no" to both questions. And the reason is simple—it is a physical impossibility.

A popular star receives at least 5,000 letters a week, or better than 700 a day. If the letters could be read at the rate of one a minute, it would still take more than ten hours every day just to read fan letters and it would take ten times that long to answer them, and even a star can't stretch a day into eighty hours!

Secretaries do read the letters, every one of them. Letters of interest are turned over to the star for a personal reading and, in the majority of cases, a personal answer. So if you really want to hear from a star, be sure your letter is above par.

And speaking of fan letters, Miss Mitzi Cummings deserves "star billing" for her story in June *HOLLYWOOD* called *I Have a Date With Nelson Eddy*. She received so many letters on the same subject that we asked her to personally answer a representative one of them. The questioning letter and her reply follow:

No Proof in the Picture

Dear Editor:

Are the readers of *HOLLYWOOD* Magazine being deceived? I'm referring to the story *I Have a Date With Nelson Eddy*, by Mitzi Cummings, with a photograph to prove it! But does it? If this photograph was snapped at the Van Dyke party where is Nelson's tuxedo—likewise, Miss Cummings' party gown? If you recall the story stated that they left the "Bowling Alley" to get dressed in such. If said photo was snapped at the bowling alley, where are the slacks and sweaters they were supposed to have worn? I'm afraid this story is nothing more than pure fiction. The photograph certainly does not fit the wording.

However, all is forgiven, because it was interesting reading.
Sincerely,

Frank J. Pratt,
1404 S. 23rd St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Answer

Dear Mr. Pratt:

I see that I owe you an apology! Had it not been for your sharp eyes I would never have known that Nelson Eddy came calling for me after our bowling game dressed in a business suit, and not a tuxedo as I stated in my story.

But, lay it to my excitement... to the gay, slap-dash spirit that permeated the evening... that caused my mistake. But Nelson has paid for it. Beautifully (Thanks to you!). For when I showed him your letter he blithely said, "All right, let's have another party, and this time I'll really wear a tuxedo."

Do you see the picture? Nelson is done up in his best! The party was in his house, and the guests, you'll notice, were nearly all the same people who were present at Mr. Van Dyke's party.

But, you owe me an apology, too! You said I was not wearing a party dress. That, Mr. Pratt, was a gross injustice. I had on one of my nicest frocks. Had the picture not been cut where it was you would have seen not only a long skirt, but a train, as well. The dress, incidentally, is of the tailored variety, with a jacket trimmed in black velvet and mittens and chapeau to match.

So, now that we've apologized, let us be friends, and let me thank you for your closing remark—"... it was interesting reading, thanks to Miss Cummings."

For which Miss Cummings thanks you.

Mitzi Cummings

Knows His Mountains?

Dear Sir:

While it is on my mind, I must say that one of the best movies of the year was ruined for me because it was filmed in the "wrong" country. Of course, I refer to *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, a story of Kentucky of which John Fox, Jr., so stirringly wrote.

I am an expert on the West and could not put the scenes among the cabins and trails of the mountaineers, nor on the blue vistas of the western mountains. Why, even the pines are different.

Outside of that, the picture was perfect.

Yours sincerely,

Gilbert Cureton,
Cliff, New Mexico.

HOLLYWOOD



Jack Benny, George Burns and Bert Wheeler aren't rehearsing for a film. No sir! It's for an act at the Trocadero, and they're practicing for three weeks straight to be sure it's good and "lousy!"

Reader Cureton is right and wrong all in the same letter. The picture was made in California but the original locale was in "The Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia—on the Trail of the Lonesome Pine"—not in Kentucky.—The Editor.

Dear Sir:

I have read HOLLYWOOD and several other movie magazines in the past few months and I thought I would tell you how much I enjoy your paper as it is very interesting and seems to show no favoritism.

The stars must resent some of the criticism written them, and rightfully, for why haven't they a right to live their own private lives as they wish and do what they wish? Everyone in America is supposed to have that right. Is it anybody's business whether they spend their time playing dolls or studying Greek? I can't understand where one gets any kick out of it. Wouldn't it be much more helpful to write them an encouraging letter, telling them how we liked their last picture?

I enjoy the articles written by the stars' mothers and friends, for they are apt to give us a great deal of insight into the character of the star. Most of the public I think give more wholehearted support to a star with a good reputation, so I think articles that are printed should not hurt the stars' reputation more than is necessary. If anything it would be better to overlook some things entirely.

Yours truly,

Mrs. N. L. Miller,
7 Jones St., Malone, N. Y.

Writers Are Distracting

Dear Miss Haynes:

I'd like to know how much more material fan writers put into their stories and columns than the stars give them. No matter what movie book or Hollywood gossip column you pick up you find "What famous star is running around with some other equally famous star?" or "What famous stars are secretly married or planning to be married?"

There is so much of this that a person is distracted about his or her favorite. Surely the stars don't give the writers that sort of material for stories.

Yours, sincerely,

Dolores Ruskin,
2625-a Arsenal St.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Fan writers are not bound or limited to material given only by the stars themselves, except in the matter of exact quotes. All other material may be gleaned from friends, from personal observation or any general knowledge about the stars.—The Editor.

Dear Editor:

There ought to be a law against this epidemic of "Bank Nights," "Sweepstakes," "Screeno" and the rest of the lottery conglomeration! When I

SEPTEMBER, 1936



Now! THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

Keep fragrantly dainty . . . bathe with
this exquisite perfumed soap!

Fastidious women everywhere now bathe with Cashmere Bouquet . . . because they know that it keeps them *doubly* safe from fear of offending!

Of course it keeps you sweet and clean, with its rich deep-cleansing lather. And in that rich lather is a lovely perfume . . . so rare and costly that it actually *lingers* long after your bath, keeping you *fragrantly dainty*!

Only a soap like Cashmere Bouquet . . . scented with the costliest perfume . . . can bring you this lovelier protection! You

cannot expect to find it in ordinary scented soaps!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too! Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.


Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 exquisite perfumes. Sold at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

BATHE WITH

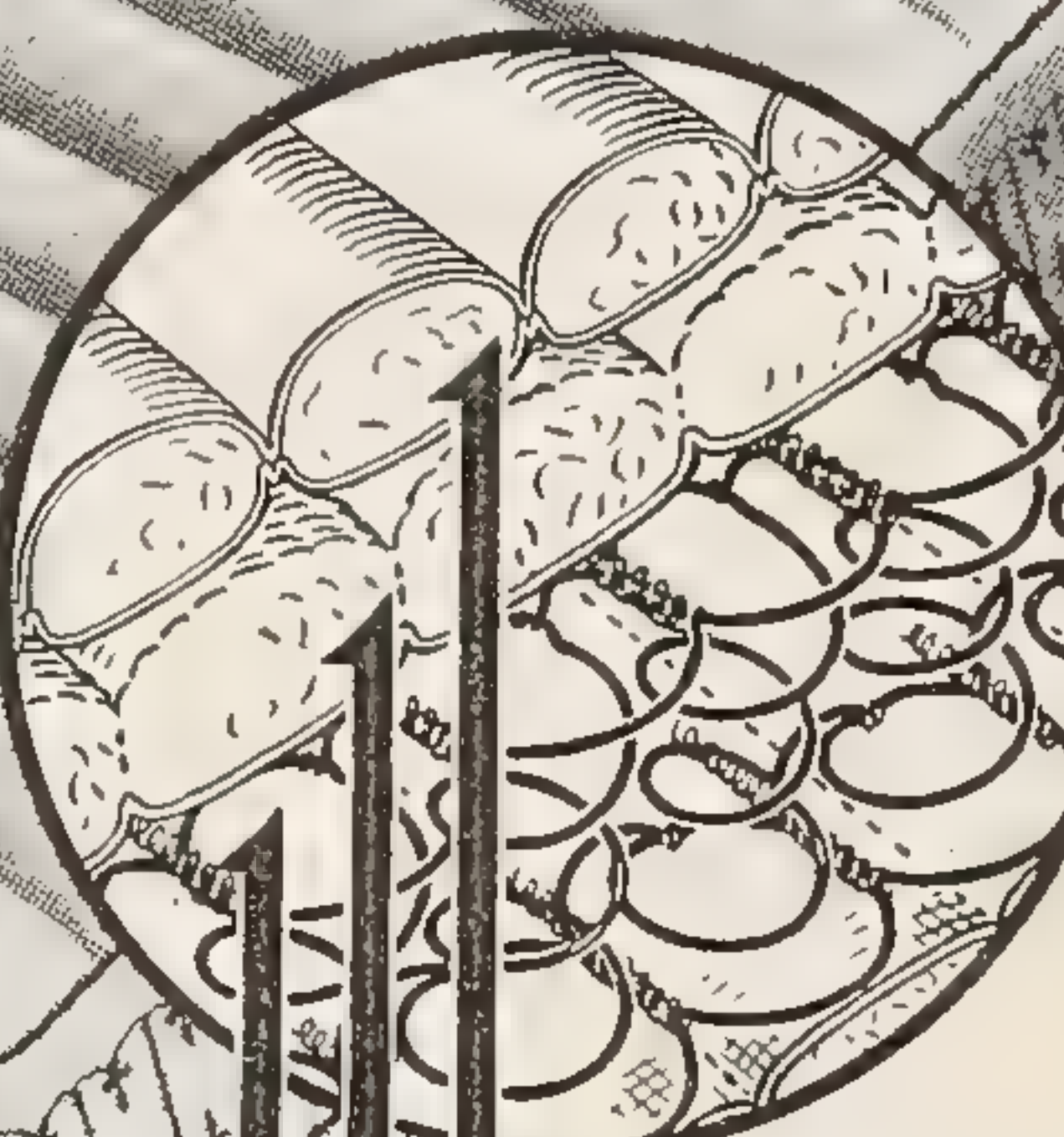
Cashmere Bouquet

THE SOAP THAT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

**Never Before
Such Restful
SLEEP**



Evalyn Knapp, vivacious movie star, says: "Restful sleep is the best beauty and energy treatment I know of."



The NEW

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Multiple Slumbernest Quilt... exclusive and patented, adding almost unbelievably to comfort and long life.

Genuine Fals Underpadding... acknowledged as the best and most durable for mattress construction.

Full Floating Spring Unit... with a double cone, tempered coil spring in destructible "all steel" unit.

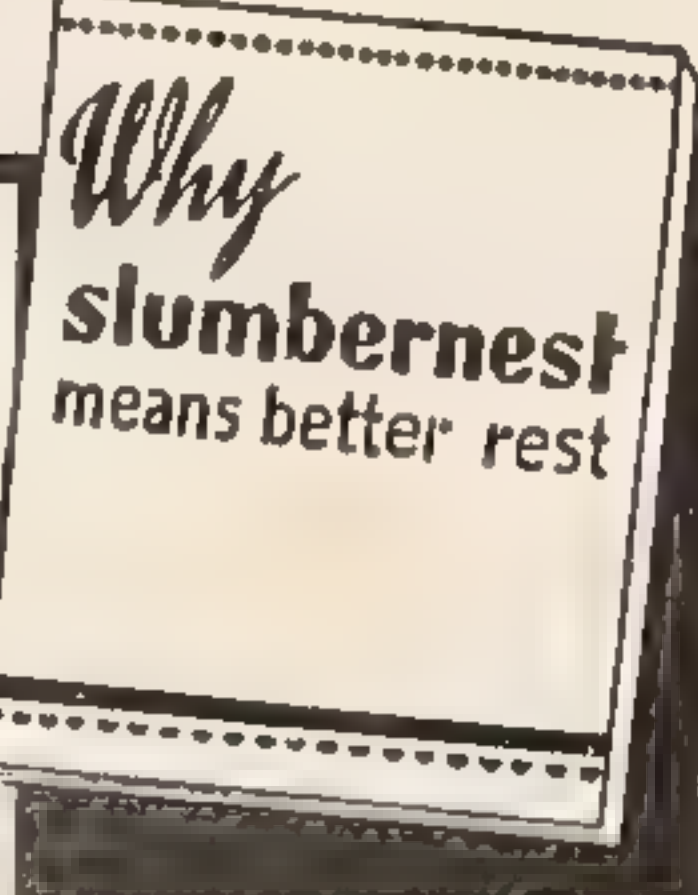
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in MATTRESS COMFORT, BEAUTY,
CONSTRUCTION and LONGEVITY**

The secret of youthful beauty and vitality is restful sleep. SLUMBERNEST, the revolutionary new mattress, gently relaxes the entire body... "cradles" it so buoyantly and comfortably that you drift soothingly and pleasantly into the deepest, most refreshing slumber. Unofficial returns from scientific tests now being conducted prove that sleepers move and twist 36% less on a SLUMBERNEST. Years ahead of conventional mattress design. Beautifully styled by Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky. Costs no more than an ordinary mattress. Gives you lifetime sleep comfort. If your dealer does not as yet have SLUMBERNEST, use the coupon for full information.

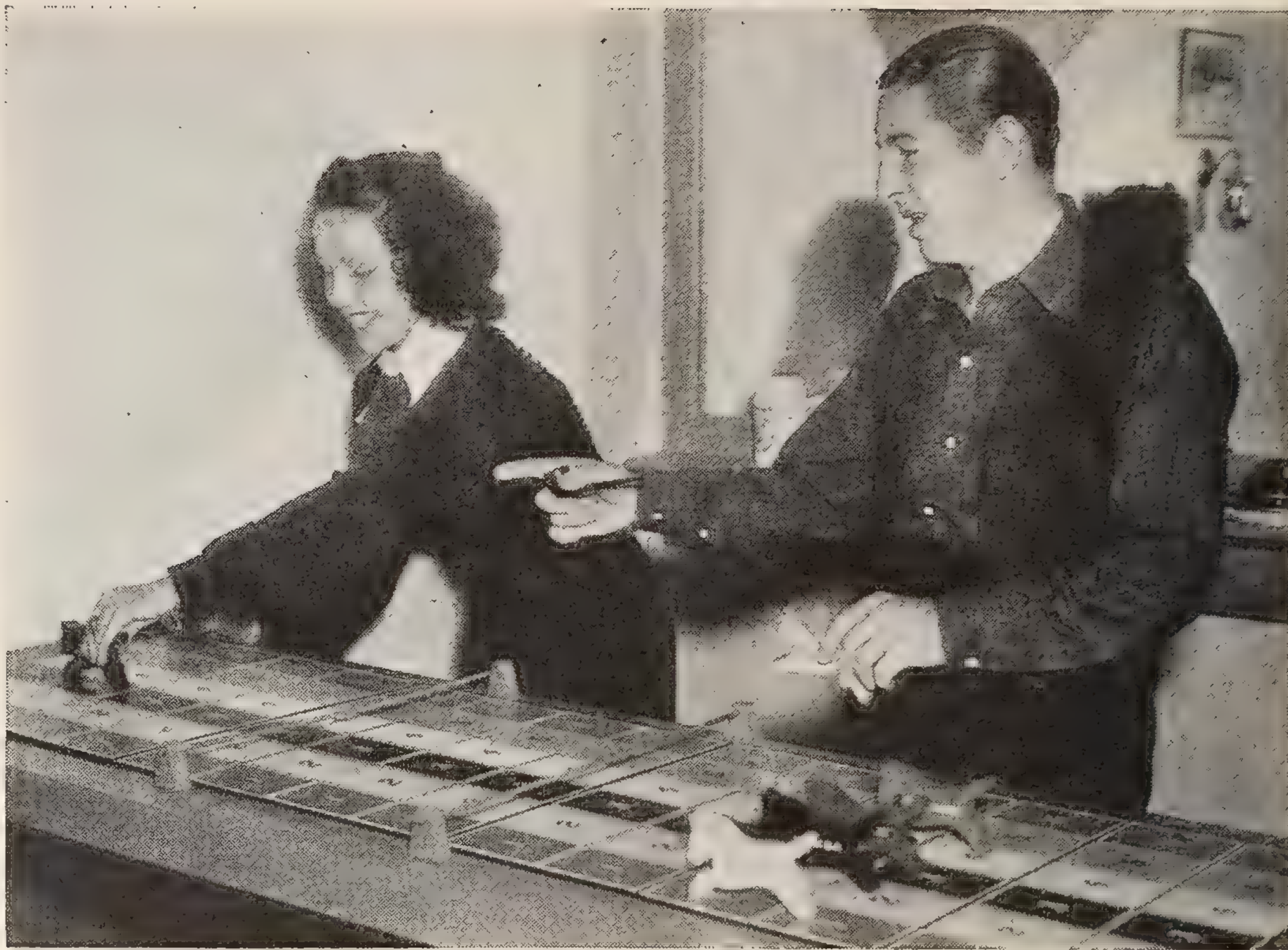
AMERICAN AUTO FELT CORPORATION
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Send me postpaid, free copy of booklet, "Why Slumbernest Means Better Rest"; also name of my nearest Slumbernest dealer.

Name.....
Address.....
(St. or RFD)
City.....State.....



FAN MAIL



Joe Penner and his lovely wife are popular with the fans, and love to read fan letters whenever they can. Here you see the couple playing a new race horse game popular in Hollywood

patronize a theatre I do so because I am interested in cinema art and picture people—not to play silly games. It's true, *there's money* in these new "box-office baits" but those wheels of chance belong in gambling halls. Let the theatre serve the *one* purpose for which it was originally intended!

Sincerely,

Mrs. E. Franzen,
R. R. 2, Ursa, Illinois.

Many theatres, finding the Bank Night fad dying down, have discontinued its use. In some areas the idea has yet to reach its peak.—The Editor.

Deeds in Dakota

Dear Editor:

"Mister Deeds Goes to Town" and how! Never have I enjoyed a picture more than I did Mr. Gary Cooper's splendid portrayal of young "Longfellow Deeds." And I got a lot out of it besides entertainment, too. And just as he pointed out that people, when thinking, became "o-fillers," "nose-twitchers," "Doodlers" and so on, I found that I was a "handkerchief-twister."

Our town is very small, but since "Mr. Deeds" came to town, I noticed with much satisfaction that there was more of "helping-the-other-fellow" going on than ever before.

Thank you, Gary Cooper.

Ida Elliott,
New England, N. D.

Third Dimension Old Stuff?

Dear Editor:

Just recently I visited a local theatre to see a "third dimension" picture. It was a novelty short which we viewed with very neat little spectacles, with one green and one red lens, which was handed us at the time the usher relieved us of our ticket.

I am sure everyone enjoyed the picture but I personally felt cheated. It was supposed to be something brand new and heretofore unheard of and I could bet my last dime that I saw the same thing when I was a kid in grade school.

What do you know about it?

Jean Huber,
18 Glenbrook Road,
Morris Plains, N. J.

In the winter season of 1924-'25, a "third

dimension" picture was shown throughout the United States, and viewed, as Miss Huber explains, through green and red lens. If it isn't the exact same picture, then it's a twin. However, it is well worth seeing.—The Editor.

The Low Down on Bette

Dear Editor:

If I am correct, Bette Davis's real name is Ruth Elizabeth, yet Mrs. Davis's story published in HOLLYWOOD Magazine was called "My Daughter Bette." Please explain.

I also want to know how to pronounce "Bette." It is always spelled that way in papers and magazines, yet in looking at the Los Angeles telephone directory, her name is spelled "Bettye." I am sure I'm not confusing her with some other subscriber because I know where she lives.

Philip Raab,
422 East 93rd St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bette Davis was named "Ruth Elizabeth" after her mother, whose maiden name was "Ruth Faver." She, like many other children named "Elizabeth" was called "Betty." Since her family tree can be traced back to very old distinguished families of England, her aunt suggested that she spell "Bette" as it was spelled in England many years ago. It is pronounced just plain "Betty."

The subscriber you refer to in the telephone directory is not Bette Davis, but they do happen to live on the same street, three blocks apart.—The Editor.

Beauty not to be Laughed at

Dear Editor:

I've been an admirer of your magazine ever since your first issue. I particularly like the letter department but why so much argument over a star's beauty? If Gable is a handsome brute, let him be one—don't harp on it forever.

In looking back over the stars who have given me the most enjoyment, not one of them could be

called beauties—Will Rogers, Marie Dressler, Jean Hersholt, Guy Kibbee, Lionel Barrymore, W. C. Fields, Wallace Beery, May Robson, Lionel Stander—yet they bring in the audiences and bring out the laughs.

What this world needs in the way of film entertainment is *less* love muck, sex, gangsters—and *more* good, clean fun.

Sincerely yours, Mrs. G. Hubbard,
708-A Danforth Ave.,
Toronto, Canada.

What Price Love

Dear Editor:

I have just read in HOLLYWOOD Magazine that the most expensive ingredient in the making of a motion picture is *love*. But *love* is what I spend my quarter for (yes, I sit in the balcony—I'm a working girl), and I wish Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer would invest \$4,000.00 more and give me a break by letting Mr. Gable and Miss Crawford do some real emoting in their next.

However, at \$4,000.00 a kiss I can understand why, much to my disappointment, the screen says "The End" just before the final clinch.

Georgane White,
723 West Capitol,
Little Rock, Ark.

Shirley Shows Off?

Dear Editor:

I wish they wouldn't let Shirley Temple do "show-off" things like the opening scene of *Captain January* where Shirley, upon awakening, goes into a song, jumps up, jizzes around the room, washing and brushing her teeth in time to music, and tapping professionally while dressing.

When the picture unfolded, Shirley took her part with the others and was as sweet and dear as always. Her dance with Buddy Ebsen was fine, and her operatic "trio" was a riot. It is only when Shirley is allowed to strut, that we fans feel sorry for what they are doing to her.

We hope that in the future, Shirley will be allowed to do only natural, childish things and the precocious posings be eliminated.

H. Stappenbeck,
3171 Sacramento St.,
San Francisco, Calif.

Petrified not a Fraud

Dear Sir:

I resent the letter from Mrs. Hill saying that the picture *Petrified Forest* was "a vast fraud and so evident."

I live in a small town which lacks many of the intellectual opportunities afforded by a large city so I welcome a picture with an idea that stirs the audience out of its lethargy and makes them really think.

Petrified Forest had a deeply stirring message. It tried to show us what we live for and how we can live a life of value to mankind. It was as good as a sermon and the acting was splendid.

Sincerely,

Winifred Seward,
420 Oak St., Roseville, Calif.

In its references to time and space, *Petrified Forest* could reasonably be criticized. In this film, bandits dashed over vast spaces of the Southwest as if they were moving from suburb to suburb. And while some people will tend to criticize the film, others will join Reader Seward in praising its spirit and purpose.—The Editor.

Will Rogers' Doubles

Dear Editor:

A. A. Trimble, Cleveland map salesman, I'll admit does look very much like the late Will Rogers, but does he talk like him? If Trimble's "looks" and Stuart Erwin's "voice" could get together, the beloved spirit of Will could stage a comeback.

And, by the way, if Stuart Erwin would eat less, he could run Trimble a close race as to looks, too.

Sincerely,

Rebecca Lawrence,
714 Eighth Ave.,
Hickory, N. C.

Miss Lawrence refers to the man who was asked to appear in *The Great Ziegfeld* as a tribute to Will Rogers. Mr. Trimble's picture appeared on page 10 of June HOLLYWOOD.—The Editor.



IS IT DRY AND SCALY?

Here's a Face Cream that Lubricates as It Cleanses

By Lady Esther

Maybe you are a victim of dry skin? About 7 out of 10 women today are.

Dry skin is due to several things. One is the outdoor life we lead compared to our mothers' time. We spend more time in the open. Exposure to weather—to sun and wind—tend to take the natural oils out of the skin and make it dry and withered.

Our reducing diets, too, are a cause of dry skin. To keep slender, we leave fats out of our diets. This cuts down the oil supply of the skin and tends to make it dry.

A Dry Skin is an Old Skin

A dry skin is an old skin. It looks withered and wrinkled. It looks faded. A dry skin also fails to take make-up well. It makes powder show up plainly. It makes rouge look harsh and artificial.

If your skin is at all inclined to be dry it would be well for you to look into your cleansing methods. You must avoid anything that tends to dry the skin or irritate it. You must be sure to use gentle, soothing measures.

First, a Penetrating Cream

Lady Esther Face Cream is an excellent corrective of dry skin. For, as this cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it.

The first thing Lady Esther Face Cream does is to cleanse your skin thoroughly. It is a *penetrating* face cream. It actually penetrates the pores, but gently and soothingly.

Entering the pores, without rubbing, it goes to work on the imbedded waxy matter there. It loosens the hardened grime—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you see it—you can feel it! Your skin instantly appears clearer and whiter. It feels clean—tingles with new life and freshness.

But, Lady Esther Face Cream also lubri-

cates the skin. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin velvety soft and smooth. This lubrication and freshening of the skin keeps it young-looking. It wards off lines and wrinkles. It gives it smoothness—permits it to take make-up better.

In every way you will improve the condition of your skin with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream. More than eight million women can testify to that.

See With Your Own Eyes Feel With Your Own Fingers!

Suppose you try Lady Esther Face Cream and see with your own eyes—and feel with your own fingers—what it will do for your skin.

I am perfectly willing that you make the test at my expense. Just send your name and address and by return mail you'll receive a 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free.

Use this cream as the directions tell you. Notice the dirt it gets out of your skin you never thought was there. Mark how the pores reduce themselves when relieved of their clogging burden.

Note, too, how delicately it lubricates your skin and how freshly soft and smooth it keeps it. A trial will prove convincing.

Mail the coupon today for your 7-days' supply of cream. With the cream I shall also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (25)

FREE

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your seven-days' supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

New GLAZO

puts old-type
nail polishes
in the discard



**You've never seen a polish
so lovely, so perfect to use**

GLORIOUS news for lovely hands! A new Glazo, so amazingly enhanced in beauty, so perfected in every manicuring virtue, that you must change your whole idea of what a fine nail polish should be.

This new Glazo formula dries to a satiny surface that doesn't chip or peel, that wears for several *extra* days. Here is a polish that disdains streaking, that flows on with perfect ease and evenness. And so completely has evaporation been eliminated that the polish is usable to the last brushful.

For the newest, smartest note in fingertip charm, ask for Glazo Suntan, Russet and Poppy Red. They're exclusive "misty-red" colors, and the latest additions to Glazo's wide range of authentic, fashion-approved shades. Glazo manicure preparations are now only 20 cents each.

*It's new
it's perfect*

GLAZO

20 CENTS
(25 cents in Canada)



WORLD'S EASIEST CONTEST



HOLLYWOOD Magazine is proud to present what it considers the easiest and silliest contest ever invented! Use the above picture to draw your idea of the moustache Gene Raymond ought (or ought not) to wear. Below, you see him as *Count Pete* in the RKO picture of the same name

WHAT KIND of a moustache would be most becoming to Gene Raymond? HOLLYWOOD Magazine, in behalf of Gene, is asking you, and we have some prizes for the best answers!

The question arises as a result of the RKO film *Count Pete* in which Gene appears for the first time wearing a moustache. It's a tricky, waxed decoration designed especially for the picture. A lot of friends who have seen the trained whiskers think Gene should wear one of suitable design all the time. So we are having a contest.

All you have to do is draw your idea of a moustache on the large picture of Gene's handsome face. And send it in to the Gene Raymond Contest Editor, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

In deference to Gene's sense of humor we are offering two sets of prizes. One for the serious, good-looking entries, and the other for the drawings inclined to be absurd and ridiculous. (That proves Gene is a swell sport, what?)

For the best serious drawing someone will be surprised to receive ten dollars in cold cash. For the five next best creations Gene will personally autograph a photo of himself to the contestant. The same thing goes for the best cartoon-ish moustache, and for the next five runners-up Gene will sign his John Henry on photos. We will add in a dollar for every entry we publish! Contest closes September 10.



HOLLYWOOD

Vital Statistics

MARRIAGES

DAVID MANNERS has taken the very rich GWEN BEHR, his partner in a 1,000-acre desert ranch near Victorville, as his bride.

KATHRYN MARLOW, arriving to start studio emoting under a Sam Goldwyn contract, denied she was married, but when LESTER CLARK landed in Hollywood a week later, she admitted she and Les had taken the vows in New York the day before she departed for Filmtown.

MARJORIE GATESON and TERRY CONWAY have promised to obey and protest each other after a fourteen-year courtship.

It was a high school romance that led to the marriage of LEWIS STONE'S daughter, BARBARA, and WILLIAM ARNOLD ION.

LEROY PRINZ previously wed film dance director, and BETTY BRYSON, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter, eloped to Mexico for their nuptials during the absence of the Baxters on a yachting trip.

MADALINE TALCOTT, New York socialite turned movie actress, and LOUIS ALTAR, song writer, said "I do" aboard an ocean liner, then continued on as far as Honolulu, where they spent their honeymoon.

IAN KEITH, one of the better actors of the stage and screen, is the second husband of HILDEGARDE PABST SMITS, Chicago socialite and heiress.

It was the cashing of a check that led MADELYN EARLE, beautiful newcomer at Fox-20th Century, and ROBERT DUNCAN, Hollywood bank teller, down the middle-aisle.

HENRY WILCOXON, imported from England and lifted to stardom by the great Cecil B. DeMille, and SHEILA BROWNING are now man and wife.

DEATHS

There were no floral offerings at the burial rites for JOBYNA HOWLAND, veteran character actress, because she had, on her deathbed, expressed a desire for a barren coffin, adding that "In my lifetime, I have been surfeited with flowers."

HENRY WALTHALL, who rose to the heights of film fame as the "Little Colonel" in D. W. Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation*, died just as he was to have completed a screen comeback.

Witnesses testified at the coroner's inquest that LILA McCOMAS, 30, a star of the silent picture era, deliberately wrecked her automobile on the Coast highway near her Malibu Beach home, bringing instant death to herself.

A heart attack proved fatal to ROBERT DALTON, veteran screen character actor, whose real name was Marc M. Strahl.

DIVORCE COURT

MARY ELLIS, the grand opera songstress who has been emoting in the talkies, is back in Hollywood after a sojourn in Reno, where she divorced BASIL SYDNEY, British stage and screen actor, on the grounds that he was both cruel and failed to provide.

KATHRYN CRAWFORD, erstwhile picture star who cast aside her career when she wed JAMES EDGAR II, Detroit sugar heir, two years ago, won \$35,000 in alimony when she divorced her mate in a Michigan court.

PHYLLIS BARRY divorced ALBERT NORDLAND on the ground that he devoted his attentions to other women.

DOROTHY H. CHANEY sued CREIGHTON CHANEY (Lon Chaney, Jr.) for a decree, charging mental cruelty. They had been wed for ten years, and have three children, whose custody the mother asks.

MARJORIE SIMPSON, Beverly Hills socialite-actress, sued actor DOUGLAS FOWLEY for a decree after less than a year of matrimony.

NEDDA LYDELL, a Hollywood actress, with a right to use the prefix "Lady" when she is in England, forgot her screen ambitions long enough to elope to Mexico with DONALD MacDONALD, film color process agent, then rushed back to the film capital and filed suit for annulment.

CUPID'S CAPERS

MAE CLARKE will be MRS. FRANK NOLAN ere you read this. In fact, Mae and Dr. Nolan almost made it a double wedding when they stood up with a pair of marrying pals a week ago.

JANE WYMAN, the actress, and MYRON FUTTERMAN, a Los Angeles dress manufacturer, will wed late in September.

Despite the fact that NINO MARTINI entertains beautiful LILIAN EMERSON, Bromo-Seltzer heiress, on the sets of *The World Is Mine*, in which he is the star, his real heart is ELISSA LANDI.

If you do not ...
REDUCE
your HIPS and WAIST
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
...it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of attractive women owe lovely, slender figures to Perfolastic!

BECAUSE we receive enthusiastic letters from women all over the country in every mail ... because we find that most Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches in ten days ... we know we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. We are upheld by the experience of not one but thousands of women. The statements reproduced here are but a few representative examples chosen at random from their astonishing letters.

You need not diet or deny yourself the good things of life. You need take no dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. The excess fat is removed solely by the massage-like action of the Perfolastic material. You *appear* inches smaller the minute you step into your Perfolastic, and then quickly, comfortably ... without effort on your part ... you *actually* reduce at hips, waist and diaphragm ... where fat first accumulates.



"REDUCED FROM SIZE 42 TO SIZE 18"

"I wore size 42 and now I wear an 18! I eat everything."
Mrs. Essie Faust,
Minneapolis, Minn.

"REDUCED 6½ INCHES"

"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6½ inches and waist 5 inches."
Mrs. I. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.

"SMALLER AT ONCE"

"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."
Miss Ouida Browne,
Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.



"Reduced My Hips 9 Inches" says Miss Healy
"I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results from my Perfolastic Girdle. It seems almost impossible that my hips have been reduced 9 inches without the slightest diet."—Miss Jean Healy, 299 Park Avenue, New York.



"LOST 60 POUNDS"

"I reduced my waist 9 inches, my hips 8 inches and have lost 60 pounds!"
Mrs. W. P. Derr, Omaha, Neb.

"A GIRDLE I LIKE"

"I never owned a girdle I liked so much. I reduced 26 lbs."
Miss Esther Marshall,
Vallejo, Calif.

"6 INCHES FROM HIPS"

"I lost 6 inches from my hips, 4 inches from my waist and 20 lbs."
Mrs. J. J. Thomas,
New Castle, Pa.

"HIPS 12 INCHES SMALLER"

"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."
Miss Zella Richardson, Scottdale, Pa.

"LOST 49 POUNDS"

"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear size 36."
Miss Mildred DuBois, Newark, N. J.

"REDUCED FROM 43 TO 34½ INCHES!"

"My hips measured 43 inches. I was advised to wear Perfolastic after a serious operation and now my hips are only 34½ inches!"
Miss Billie Brian, La Grange, Ky.

Surely you would like to test the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE
... for 10 days without cost!

You cannot afford to miss this chance to prove to yourself the quick reducing qualities of Perfolastic! Because we are so sure you will be thrilled with the results, we want you to test it for 10 days at our expense. Note how delightful the soft, silky lining feels next to the body ... hear the admiring comments of friends. Let us send you a sample of material and FREE illustrated booklet, giving description of garments, details of our 10-day trial offer and many amazing letters from Perfolastic wearers. Mail coupon today!

The excerpts from unsolicited letters herewith are genuine and are quoted with full permission of the writers.

Notary Public

PERFOLASTIC, INC.

Dept. 79, 41 E. 42nd St., New York City
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your
10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

3 SMASH HITS YOU MUST SEE!

All from



Darryl F. Zanuck
in charge of
production



Reunited in the best love story The
Saturday Evening Post ever published!

WARNER

BAXTER and LOY

IN

*To Mary-
with Love*

with
IAN HUNTER and CLAIRE TREVOR
JEAN DIXON

SING
BABY SING

Even more laughs than in "Thanks a Million"
with

ALICE FAYE

ADOLPHE MENJOU

GREGORY RATOFF • TED HEALY
PATSY KELLY • MICHAEL WHALEN
RITZ BROTHERS



HERBERT
MARSHALL and RUTH
CHATTERTON

GIRLS' DORMITORY

introducing the star discovery of 1936
SIMONE SIMON

(pronounced See-moon See-moon)

with
CONSTANCE COLLIER • J. EDWARD BROMBERG
DIXIE DUNBAR • JOHN QUALEN
SHIRLEY DEANE





I never saw a more beautiful birthday cake than the one Jeanette MacDonald served this hungry mob. The gluttons around the table are Gene Raymond, Nelson Eddy, Anita Louise, Jeanette, and James Stewart



At an Assistance League luncheon I photographed Loretta Young and Pauline Frederick with Director Henry King. When Pauline was at her tops in films years ago, King did the directing. She got \$5,000 a week—every week



Dropping by the Actors' Fund Benefit, I snapped Norma Shearer, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks (Lady Ashley), Connie Bennett, and Gilbert Roland in the background smoking a cigaret. All filmdom was there



Clark Gable was telling a tall story to Claudette Colbert in the main dressing room when I snapped this one at the benefit. Clark's thumb reminds me of that hitch-hiker scene from *It Happened One Night!* Remember?



Bette Davis didn't know I was snapping this one when she was talking with Alan Mowbray at the Actors' Benefit

Joan Crawford Talks

"YOU HAVE To know Bob to fully appreciate him," says Joan Crawford. And then she tells of having watched women visitors on the set watching him. They come hoping for a peek at him because he is so handsome, and to see if he is really as handsome off the screen as he is on. One look satisfies them. But after a while they discover there is more to be found out about him.

They see his easy, graceful naturalness, his thoughtfulness of others, they observe his serious workmanship before a camera, they hear his laugh, and they turn to each other and you can see their mouths forming the words, "Say, you know he's all right!"

Joan can appreciate this tinge of surprise in their attitude because she, in a way, has experienced the same thing herself. She, too, has found that there is a lot more to Bob than a beautiful hair-line, a broad pair of shoulders and a distinctive nose.

If you are one of Bob's fans you can appreciate what Joan Crawford means. There have been hundreds of letters wanting to know what Bob Taylor is really like—whether he is a swell, likeable fellow, or whether he is "just good-looking," with only good looks to recommend him. This suspicion is only natural. All beautiful heroes and heroines come in for it during the early part of their career. It's a result of the "beautiful but dumb" phrase which has been repeated for years. Not knowing Bob, one is quite apt to think: "With so many physical attributes, he can't have much else!"

We think even Joan Crawford had this attitude about him at first. We know that some time ago when Joan gave a Sunday afternoon soiree for an important musical personality, Irene Hervey, whom Bob was squiring at the time, was invited but Bob was not. Though Joan had met Bob with Irene it just never occurred to her that he would be interested in a musical



A scene like this from *Gorgeous Hussy* may arouse the envy of most fans, but after all it is just acting! Cast together in this picture, Joan and Bob became fast friends

gathering of that kind. But that was before they started working together in *The Gorgeous Hussy*. That was before Joan learned to know him as she does now. Perhaps in her "discovery" of the Bob Taylor behind the Good Looks Taylor, you'll gain a clearer picture of him too.

Joan Learns About Bob

● "THE FIRST DAY we started to work both of us were extremely nervous," Joan says. "It was my first costume pic-

ture just as it was his. Both of us were trying to adjust ourselves to our costumes and to each other."

Her first surprise came when Bob said that he didn't think he was going to like wearing costumes. "I feel too fussed up, too dressed up, too showy—you know what I mean, as though I were on parade. I don't like being on parade. Do I have to wear these sideburns?"

Bob was not pretending. We know, because since that time we have watched him at work in *His Brother's Wife*. It's a story of a doctor's struggle in the South Seas. Throughout that picture he wears a pair of slacks and a white shirt, open at the neck, sleeves rolled up. His hair is uncombed, tousled. "This is great," he said. "I don't have to keep fixing myself up!"

But since most actors do like to "fix themselves up" this revelation naturally came as a surprise to Joan and the others on *The Gorgeous Hussy* set. Point number one in Bob's favor: a boy who likes to act but who doesn't like to act like an actor.

Then there was his intense desire to please. Joan and Bob had a difficult scene together the very first day of shooting. As they took their places for a rehearsal, Bob said: "Miss Crawford, I'd appreciate it very much if you would tell me how you'd like me to play this . . . if you have any suggestions."

Startled for a moment, Joan looked at him. Then she smiled, and a memory seemed to flit across her face. "Play it just the way you feel like playing it," she said. "I know you will do it all right."

Afterwards she explained that years ago when she was making *Possessed* she had asked exactly the same question of Clarence Brown—her director then, as he



During shooting on M-G-M's picture, *Gorgeous Hussy*, Director Clarence Brown had a birthday. Joan is cutting the cake, and from the way she licks her lips, it must be grand!

About Bob Taylor!

is now in *The Gorgeous Hussy*—and that she had given Bob the same answer Brown had given her. "But I was only beginning when I asked that question," Joan added.

"You think I'm not now! You don't know what a beginner I am!" Bob retorted. "Anyway, thank you for giving me the confidence I needed."

A Sense of Balance

● THE WORLD SAYS he has "arrived." Bob says he still has much to learn . . . that he's just beginning. This is what you call keeping a balance in a perilously unbalanced Hollywood.

Most of his efforts to please were less obvious and most amusing. Bob Davis, his friend and stand-in, discovered Bob in his dressing room spraying his throat with a mouth wash. "Got a cold?" Davis asked. "No, a love scene with Miss Crawford," Bob answered quickly. "She doesn't smoke very much and I do."

Anent Bob's smoking, a few days later he mentioned that he thought he'd give it up, because he wanted to gain some weight and he had heard that would help. Joan overheard him and the next morning at eleven there was a steaming milk drink at his elbow direct from Joan's little portable grill. "Your second dose comes at three!" she told him. "Go on smoking. This is what will do the trick! Give your Aunt Joan a chance, and she'll fatten you up. Look what she did for Franchot!"

Yet when we mentioned this to Bob he said, "Why Joan does things like that for everybody. She didn't just single me out. Did you hear what she did for Mr. Barrymore . . ." and he was off on an anecdote about Lionel. Point number 3: his natural modesty.

In this respect we might also add that when Bob was talking about all the places he was going to see in New York—Grant's Tomb, the Aquarium, Central Park, the Brooklyn Bridge—someone said, "You won't have time for all that! There'll be so many women waiting to see you." Bob's only answer was "You're kidding!" He thought it was kidding too, until he got there and was mobbed by half the women in Manhattan.

Bob Awakens an Interest

● THEN THERE WAS the discovery of Bob's interest in music. As you know Joan always keys the moods of her scenes with music, and her phonograph is a fixed prop on every Joan Crawford set. One afternoon Joan was searching through one of her many albums—she and Franchot together have 3,200 records—for something appropriate for the next scene. She was having difficulty making a choice until Bob suggested a Brahms symphony which immediately hit the musical spot.

Joan looked at him with new interest but said nothing. The next noon when Bob, James Stewart, Melvyn Douglas and Clarence Brown returned early to the set from lunch, and they were playing some of Joan's records, they came across one which featured a soprano voice singing

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There was a time when Joan Crawford did not dream she and Bob Taylor shared the same interests. Not until she played in a film with him did she learn to know and like the handsome young star

If You Knew Suzy, Like I Know Suzy

IF YOU KNEW Suzy, like I know Suzy . . .

Who is Suzy? Suzy is Jean Harlow. At least, the Jean Harlow on the screen. In her new M-G-M picture, *Suzy*, you will see Jean a little as you knew her in *Hell's Angels*—a little like the *Red Dust* Jean, but that isn't the point. I want you to know Jean, as I know Jean.

I have known her a long time. As an actress, and as a friend.

They call her "Baby." She is a baby because she likes to sleep 14 hours a day; likes fuzzy kittens, picnics, orchids, licking the frosting dish, reading the funnies, seeing Mickey Mouse.

She is NOT a baby, because—she has a good sound philosophy of life and living. No one puts a thing over on her. She is a good friend, and a dependable one. She will never let you down. She has a marvelous sense of humor—even when the joke is on her. Jean believes that you have to work for what you get out of life—but that there is no use making a complex struggle out of it.

She is a walking contradiction. Jean



An unusual photo study of three unusual headliners, all of whom contribute to the success of the film, *Suzy*. Cary Grant, Franchot Tone and Jean Harlow

has moods. Sometimes she believes them, sometimes she wants you to believe them. She is a girl who takes a sincere joy in the problems of her friends. She falls in and out of headlines, unwittingly, yet is a too-sympathetic little girl.

She Loves to Sleep

● PEOPLE DON'T LIKE To believe the best about Jean, and she knows it. They are continually saying "now tell us what she is *really* like."

But if you knew Jean, like I know Jean, these are some of the things that you would know.

She often falls to sleep—not because she is bored, but because she may be tired—and loves to sleep. A perfect date to her is packing a huge picnic hamper (the old-fashioned kind) and going away into the hills or near the ocean. Night clubs are fun to Jean once in a while, but not often. She loves to go fishing. Often she will charter a boat, pile a few of her real friends on it, and go off for the day. She baits her own hooks, and doesn't wrinkle



Meet Adolph-the-Flying-Dutchman! He is one of Jean Harlow's many pets. Read about her assortment of dogs and cats in this revealing story of the star of M-G-M's film, *Suzy*

up her nose and look dainty about it.

Jean has two huge Persian cats. She adores them. They are very aristocratic cats, and often ignore their mistress because they are in a mood. When they want to be praised they catch a mouse, march up to Jean's bedroom with it.

The cats have no names. They look so much alike that Jean can't tell them apart. There is no use naming them. They have breakfast with Jean every morning.

Jean always puts them out at night; that is her last job of the day. One time they had a hole cagily torn in a corner of the screen, and came in as fast as she put them out. She was putting out cats for some time, before she discovered their game. When they know it is time to go out, they hide, and it is her job to find them. Since they are as much alike as Ike and Mike, she sometimes wonders if she is not repeating.

Jean hates to be alone. People need not be around her to talk—just to be there. She is never idle. When she rides to and from the studio, or wherever she is going, she usually reads. She reads constantly. When she is not working and has time, she reads consistently. Good books. When she is working, she sends Blanche, her colored maid, over to the studio library to get a book. Any book. It might be a heavy volume of history or a murder mystery. She wants to read all kinds of books, like she wants to know all kinds of people. She always finishes a book, once she starts it. It is a matter of discipline with her.

And She's Domestic!

● WHEN SHE Is having her hair done at the studio it is usually while she is eating her breakfast, reading, answering the phones and talking about costumes. She has an amazing faculty for doing more than one thing at once.

Jean is domestic. She loves to have complete charge of the house. She is surrounded by a retinue of colored servants who adore her, and are too willing to carry out her every order. When her mother left for a visit to Kansas City, Jean had the kitchen re-painted, she de-mothed the drapes and rugs, had walls cleaned, new tile in the bathroom, and was just too busy!

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And this is the Jean Harlow you used to know—totally different from the purposeful young lady in the above photos! It was a type of rôle she cordially hated, and condemned as soon as she could make herself heard

HOLLYWOOD SPOTLIGHTS



No one need worry about little Virginia Weidler when Buck, the big St. Bernard, is on guard. Sure, his head really is much larger than Ginny's—and isn't this a cute picture?

Embarrassing Moments

● BEHIND EVERY SHOT filmed—even one which may last but a second on the screen, there is a tremendous amount of preparation; a fact which points this tale about Gene Raymond.

The scene in *Count Pete*, which Joe Santley is directing for R-K-O, called for perfect timing. An airplane circles a field, lands, discharges fifteen passengers, and last of all Gene Raymond steps forth. He is Count Pete.

At last the cameras were ready, lights lined up, a cross marked the field where the plane had to come to a stop. And Joe called for action. The plane actually did stop right on the mark. One after another the passengers debarked. And then Gene stepped forth, as per the script, in all the finery of a count, to adjust a monocle in his eye and haughtily survey the scene.

Gene screwed the monocle into his eye. It promptly fell. He caught it, tried again. This time it slipped from his grasp.

"Cut!" yelled Joe Santley. Gene slunk off dejectedly. All spoiled—by a little monocle!

Once more the complicated machinery of making pictures went into motion, the ship came down, halted on the spot, the passengers climbed out. And here stood Gene, spruce as a peppermint stick, putting the monocle to his eye. It stayed. At last—success!

"Cut!" cried Joe. "Okay, Gene—now you can take off that monocle."

"Sorry," said Gene, "but I can't. It's glued on!"

Ratoff Dies Too Well

● IT WILL BE some time before Gregory Ratoff will be able to face his friends without shuddering. We have been in-

tending to get around to him ever since the preview a few weeks ago of the 20th Century film, *Road to Glory*.

In the final scene of this picture Ratoff, as the good-humored army sergeant, dies as cheerfully as the circumstances permit. Gregory, who is rated as a writer and director, construed this scene as depicting his death as an actor. Hadn't he told all his friends this would be his last rôle on the screen? Didn't he say he would

direct from now on? Unfortunately, he did.

Then he went and died so beautifully that 20th Century-Fox wouldn't hear of such a thing. It didn't matter how many friends Ratoff had popped off to, you can't throw acting talent away. So the studio summoned Ratoff back from a vacation in England for a rôle in *Sing, Baby, Sing* and told him to start rationalizing.

"That's a good prescription," Gregory moaned. "I haven't a friend in the world who thinks I'm rational now. Why did I have to go and die so convincingly?"

Joe E. Brown Entertains

● BECAUSE JOE E. BROWN is funny off the screen as well as during film production, he is in great demand as a toast-master at every sort of function. We have seen him at football rallies, formal dances, business meetings and many other occasions, billed as the master of ceremonies. And Joe, like a good trouper, always gives his all.

But even we were surprised the other day when he showed up to launch the annual summer games between the neighboring Beach Club and its neighbor, the Swimming Club.

Joe, standing on a ten foot platform on the beach, began his speech before several hundred socially elite personalities like this: "I ought to say that I am greatly honored, but I ask you now, can a man sink any lower than to become toast-master at a volley ball game?"

It was a swell laugh for everyone. Joe ended up by introducing members of the rival volley ball teams. The Swimming Club won because Buster Crabbe was a great player and was in the game. The Beach Club lost because Joel McCrea was a great player and was in Pasadena.



"But I'm your stand-in, am I not?"

The Threat Hanging Over Ann Harding!



In happier days . . . Harry Bannister, Ann Harding and their lovely daughter tried to make a happy trio

DARKNESS SHROUDED THE quaint old French-Canadian city of Quebec but in the lighted interior of the palatial hotel there was music and laughter and Quebec was going about the business of making a night of it. To the south, the broad St. Lawrence flowed swiftly to the sea.

In one suite of the hotel two women, a child and a man were hastily packing and preparing to depart. In a few minutes, avoiding the crowded lobby, they slipped quietly out of a side entrance to a waiting car.

Swiftly they sped through back streets to a dock and there climbed into a waiting speed boat. Out in the river the liner, *Duchess of Athol*, lay hove-to. The boat drew up to her towering side and the two women and the child went aboard. The man returned to the shore in the boat and the liner got under way, en route to England.

Criminals escaping the clutches of the law?

Far from it! This was a mother, trying to keep her child from the clutches of her former husband. She felt she had been tricked into betraying her sailing date and place; and her former husband, with his

and father of her child, has tried every legal hook and crook to obtain custody of his daughter. He has brought charges of misconduct against Miss Harding. He has kept his attorneys busy in their attempt to find some legal manner in which he could take her from her mother's custody. Here, for the first time, the real truth of the romance, the marriage, the divorce, and of this threat which hangs over Ann Harding's lovely blonde head, will be told.

Is Ann Harding unfit to continue as the mother of her child? Have these charges ever been proven? Why does Bannister persist in his efforts to obtain custody of the child? Is he a loving father, or an adventurer with designs on Miss Harding's fortune? Is he, or is her mother, the best fitted to give the child the environment she should have? Is this unrelenting pursuit, this menacing threat which hangs over Ann Harding's head, justified, or is it not?

"Mr. Bannister has made many false charges against Miss Harding, none of which, of course, has he ever been able to prove," said Roland Rich Woolley, her attorney. "From letters and wires from him in our possession we have every reason to believe that his pursuit of Miss Harding is motivated by ulterior designs only. Miss Harding has been awarded full custody of Jane by the courts of Nevada and California, and Mr. Bannister should never be permitted to become her custodian."

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On the witness chair . . . ironically enough, Ann lately has been dividing her time between pictures and the courtroom giving testimony. The scene is from *The Witness Chair*

attorney, was even then in Quebec attempting to prevent her boarding *The Empress of Australia*, the ship she had originally planned to take.

● THE WOMAN WAS Ann Harding, famous star of stage and screen; the other woman, the nurse; and the child, Ann Harding's little daughter, Jane.

For two and a half years Harry Bannister, former husband of Ann Harding



When Ann finally divorced Harry Bannister, she won custody of the child. To Ann the baby was the most important thing in her life

Hollywood Spotlights

Fred MacMurray's Runaway Marriage

FRED MACMURRAY and his beautiful bride, Lilian Lamont, are back in town. They're looking all tan and healthy as the result of a brief honeymoon on the beach at Waikiki.

But Fred ought to be in trim. He has a big schedule ahead. He starts right away doing *Champagne Waltz* with Gladys Swarthout and Jack Oakie. Right after that he's scheduled to appear in *Witch of Salem*, with Claudette Colbert. With no time for loafing in between. That's a lot of happenings so soon after his sudden marriage.

And when we say sudden, we mean sudden only to the public and their friends. Fred and Lilian Lamont had planned this union for years. But they had to wait—for financial as well as contract reasons. Fred wanted to be sure he had enough money. And to earn it he had to work steadily.

Then came stardom, and anybody should have guessed that on a fine morning, with all filming washed up, Fred and Lilian would get married.

They chose an airplane elopement as the simplest thing. Fred quietly made arrangements for a specially chartered plane to pick up him and Lilian and his mother, Mrs. Maleta MacMurray.

In the gray dawn they took off from the airport, swung out across the bleak Mojave desert, and greeted the sunrise in Las Vegas, Nevada, just across the state line. There they hustled out a justice of the peace, aided by a local newspaperman who knew all the short cuts. In no time at all they had secured a marriage license and cut all the red tape.

The ceremony was short, there in the j. p.'s little hideout. But not short enough for Fred who was all covered with con-



Papa love mama? Yowsah—and what a happy honeymoon it is. Above, Lilian Lamont, the girl who believed in Fred, and waited patiently for the marriage date. Right, a love scene between MacMurray and Carole Lombard, a strictly business shot for his favorite film, *The Princess Comes Across*

fusion and as nervous as a bridegroom can be.

It wasn't movie perspiration he wiped from his brow because it wasn't a movie wedding. He was getting married to the girl he had loved long enough really to adore. Between the desert heat and the ceremony it was a much desired though uncomfortable crisis in a man's life.

They didn't even stop for breakfast in Las Vegas after the ceremony. Fred didn't want to talk to people either there or in Hollywood. So they scooted back home with a tail wind helping the air-

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HITTING THE BULL'S EYE » » » FRANCES DEE, ANITA LOUISE



Bows, where are you going with those arrows? Let 'em fly, girls, and we'll have a look-see



They're off! Such optimism, too! Maybe they really did get a bull's eye that time



Now girls, don't fight over that prize shot! Why not argue over who missed the bull's eye?

They Couldn't Say No to Loretta

LORETTA YOUNG, just finished with one epic, is rushing into another. This time 20th Century-Fox is starring her along with Janet Gaynor and Constance Bennett in *Ladies in Love*. It is ticklish business, putting three stars with equal billing in one picture, in addition to featuring Simone Simon. The studio will tell you all must get an even break, have equally good dressing rooms, and be treated entirely on a par. A big job.

Loretta Young's *Ramona* is a materialization of the incredible, doggedly engineered by that firm and forthright young woman herself.

From the hour she heard that 20th Century-Fox intended making *Ramona*, Miss Young set out after the rôle, because:

She is at bottom an incorrigible mystic, and believed deeply in her gift for bringing to its religious flights a special emotional integrity.

She naturally wanted one of the year's plums.

She sensed that a lot of people—which indeed they did—would be amused at the idea of fair Loretta Young impersonating an Indian maid; and Loretta Young has a special fondness for converting the scoffer.

It is no secret that she had to sell everyone at the studio, from the "little white English cottage" down. Which she did. Quite as much in exhaustion as in compliance, Messrs. Zanuk, Wurtzel, et al finally agreed to a test.

If Miss Young went into the test with full confidence in her incorruptible face, she emerged with Technicolors flying. It was a fact: in beige make-up and black wig she was a *Ramona* that put a stop to the Oberon-Colbert talk. She could do it.



Loretta becomes *Ramona* in the famous American classic now being filmed in Technicolor by 20th Century-Fox. Loretta got the rôle by refusing to take no for an answer

She Faced the Music

● IF LORETTA YOUNG is a frail mechanism, she is an efficient one, fired by as sharp and galling ambition as ever possessed a little-girl-bound-to-get-the-

best-of-things. She fought for the rôle when she should have been in bed, and she played it out—the whole bitter seven weeks of it in the raw wind and blazing

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"HANDIES" & Doggies

» » » » »

LOUISE LATIMER & "SQUEEZIT"



You saw them in *Bunker Bean*, and aren't they clever! Here Louise and the pup "see no evil," portraying it by using

"handies," or "pawsies" from the dog's point of view. It's all in a spirit of fun, and "Squeezit" likes to do the "hear no evil"

routine. Now they finish this exclusive act for HOLLYWOOD Magazine with an account of the last of the trinity—"speak no evil!"

The Charge of the Light Brigade

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward!
All in the Valley of Death,
Rode the six hundred!
"Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the Valley of Death,
Rode the six hundred!
Tennyson

IT WAS ONE OF those clear, warm California mornings and a morning we would never forget for today, just as they rode into the Valley of Death, almost a century ago, *The Light Brigade* would ride again! As Alice stepped through the looking-glass into Wonderland, so would we leave reality and time behind us and step back into the romantic period when this immortal charge was made. But today, the Light Brigade did not ride for the glory of England. They rode for a final, dramatic *finale* sequence in a Warner Brothers motion picture, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*! It would only be make-believe but as we surveyed the scene spread out before us, the blood ran hot in our veins.

The company was on location near Chatsworth, a few miles north of Hollywood. Around us was scattered the usual equipment of a large unit on location. The site had been chosen because its terrain closely resembled that over which the gallant six hundred had ridden, on that fateful day when the battle of Balaclava seemed lost to England, in the Crimean War in 1850. There was a narrow, rock-infested valley between steeply sloping, rock-topped hills. At the lower ends were the Russian guns, behind their wicker-basket bastions. Half a league away, at the upper end, were the massed squadrons of the *Light Brigade*. They were preparing to ride thundering down on the Czar's guns and men, in the face of almost certain death. It was a brave sight, a bold sight and one to make the heart beat faster, the nerves grow taut.

This charge would be the *grand finale* of the entire film. The other scenes, the jungle leopard hunt, the journey of the Arab horse herd, the ballroom scene, the



There is nothing subtle about *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. It is raw war, with touches of tender romance. Above is a typical spill, engineered with a trick horse. Left: Errol Flynn in uniform



massacre of the British garrison at *Chukoti* were already "in the can." Behind all this was more than a year of research and preparation. A beautiful, dramatic and poignant love story had been woven into the tapestry of Tennyson's immortal poem. A cast of thirty-seven principals had been chosen and thousands of extra men, women and children assembled. More than a million dollars would be spent, before the picture was at last finished.

The imposing cast was headed by the heroine and hero of *Captain Blood*, beautiful, exquisite Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn, bold, dashing, handsome. The third member of the romantic triangle which forms the plot was one Patric Knowles, imported from England especially for the rôle of Flynn's brother. As *Major Geoffrey Vickers*, *Elsa Campbell* and *Captain Perry Vickers*, these three made an outstanding team.

Preparations for War

● FOR MORE THAN two weeks, studio technicians had been preparing the motion picture battlefield. The floor of the valley was mined with dynamite charges which expert explosive men would explode among the charging ranks, to simulate the bursting of Russian shells. To the right, just at the foot of the slope, a deep trench had been dug. Partly down in this and along a wooden track, a "dolly" would run, keeping pace with the horses, while six cameras, placed one above the other, would film the charge from four

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Beautiful scenery is plentiful in the production. This shot, supposedly in Asia, was taken at the base of the Sierra Nevada mountains, near lofty Mount Whitney, highest point in the U. S.

My Daughter, Jeanette MacDonald

by
Mrs. Anna MacDonald

JEANETTE MACDONALD's performance in *San Francisco* has pleased us all. I am proud of my daughter for her fine work. I think the studio is equally proud. So naturally I am glad to tell the readers of *HOLLYWOOD Magazine* the story of our lives together in the years gone by.

Everything happens for the best. That old saying has been in our family for a long, long time. It's a sort of whistle in the dark to keep up courage. We apply it when anything happens that we didn't expect to happen and it seems to exonerate us from any blame as to the outcome.

My two oldest daughters, Elsie and Blossom, were no longer babies and I was just breathing a sigh of relief over my lessened responsibilities as a mother when I discovered that my family was not yet completed. But I simply applied the old adage, *everything happens for the best*, and began making plans for the new baby.

Jeanette was a darling baby—big-eyed and of sunny disposition. Oh, she wasn't too good to be true—she managed to get into enough mischief so that we were well aware of her existence.

When most babies her age were crying she was singing. She had a toy piano and she would sit on the porch and play it and sing by the hour to her grandfather—and to the neighbors.

Singing from a Swing

● I USED TO TAKE HER over to the childrens' playground in the park so that she might take advantage of the sand boxes and the swings. One day when she was a little past two years old, she climbed up in one of the swings and began singing

at the top of her voice. I imagine that she fancied herself a prima donna and the other children her audience.

The care-taker asked me how old she was and when I told him he shook his head and said, "Well, I've been here a long time and I've seen plenty of them sing but I never saw such a little one sing and never heard anyone sing so loud."

He took her over to his house and made a record of her singing. Voice recording was not the art then that it is today but the reproduction wasn't bad. Years later we tried to locate that record but it had been broken.

Elsie and Blossom were both very interested in Jeanette's voice. They had reached the age when they were anxious to impart a bit of the knowledge they had learned and



Left, ten years ago when Jeanette began her career in the play, *Tragic Ring*. Above, she is shown with her mother, who often accompanies her around Hollywood

Jeanette was a good subject. Elsie would play the piano and Jeanette would sit beside her and sing, never failing to ask what the words meant and inventing gestures to go with them.

Elsie now has a school in the East where she instructs children and says that she got the idea of such a school from the memory of her lessons to Jeanette.

Outside of singing at every excuse she could find or invent, Jeanette was a very normal little girl. She went to public school and received all the praise and scoldings that her classmates received.

Pickles and Weight

● SHE NEVER WAS a tale-bearer so perhaps she figured in a few childish escapades that I never knew about. Just the other day she told me that she used to take part of her lunch money every day and buy a big sour pickle and eat it on the way to school.

Elsie eloped from school and married—Blossom was working in Ned Weyburn's *Demi-Tasse Revue* at the Capitol Theatre and little Jeanette felt herself pretty much left out of things—a failure at fourteen.

To add a little sparkle to the dull routine of her life, her father took her to New York and left her at the theatre with Blossom while he attended to some business.

Jeanette made very good use of her time at the theatre. Mr. Weyburn told her that she could appear in the revue as a chorus girl and under-study one of the principals.

She knew she would meet opposition to her plans when she reached home so she figured out just what our objections would be and was ready with a refutation for every objection.

She was too young to be away from home.

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In M-G-M's film, *San Francisco*, Jeanette MacDonald scores the greatest personal triumph of her career. Here she is shown with Spencer Tracy in an off-stage scene. He plays the rôle of a prelate

Bon Voyage, Tommy Meighan . . .



At the age of 57, Tommy Meighan died after a lingering illness. Unlike most retired stars, he was wealthy throughout recent years

"EVERYONE who knew him loved him. He had in all the world not one enemy but his friends were legion and they ranged in position from down-and-outers to the great in every walk of life. He was a great actor but he was an even greater human being."

Cecil B. DeMille in those words voices the tribute of all Hollywood to Thomas Meighan.

You read the story of his long illness and his death in newspaper headlines but only Hollywood knows the real story of Tommy Meighan. It's a story of self-sacrifice, a story of kindly living, of generous giving.

He was one of the last of the great stars of yesterday and his death awakens a host of memories which bring back a more colorful, a more glamorous, a more bohemian Hollywood than exists today.

In a way Tommy Meighan was a symbol. He came to Hollywood, as gentlemanly as only a genteel Irishman can be, when the motion picture industry—if then it could have been called an industry—was a roistering, nondescript three-ring circus. Its performers were sensationalists, its publicity was only too often scandal. Meighan respected his profession and, perhaps more than any other star of his day, was instrumental in making his profession respected by the world. He lived quietly, graciously, in a time when many other stars were writing their careers in flamboyant headlines. At first Hollywood didn't understand him, and then Hollywood became proud of him.

Those of us who have been writing about Hollywood and Hollywood stars for more than a decade, remember very vividly the stories that were told about Tommy Meighan's good deeds. We never wrote them because we respected his wishes. His life was a constant effort to



This unusual photo is a "trick" picture taken from the 1920 opus *Why Change Your Wife*. Gloria Swanson is having the hysterics while Meighan looks on and Bebe Daniels appears out of nowhere



Meighan appeared with Virginia Valli in *The Man Who Found Himself*. It was a typical screen success for Meighan, top man of the silent days

search out and help the needy, but his one fear was that his charities would become publicized.

How Tommy Saved Valentino

● WE REMEMBER for instance an incident which might easily have wrecked the career of Rudolph Valentino. Rudolph, at that time was unknown, without money, without friends and without influence. Arrested in Mexico on a bigamy charge, he was unable to extricate himself from the maze of legal entanglements. It was Tommy Meighan, who scarcely knew him, who sacrificed a long-planned vacation trip to rush to Valentino's aid, post bail for him with the Mexican authorities, and help him out of his diffi-

culty. And it was Tommy Meighan who went to the executives of Paramount and browbeat them into giving Valentino the chance that made him a great star.

There was another actor in Hollywood who ran afoul of the law—a far more serious case this time. Accused of murder, he was without funds to hire attorneys and most of his professed friends deserted him in his time of need. Tommy Meighan didn't know him very well but he was in trouble and needed help. And again it was Tommy who purchased for him the best legal counsel obtainable, who visited him in jail day after day and struggled to keep his courage high, who herded his witnesses into court and who finally got him transferred to white collar work when the prison jute mills had broken his health.

[Continued on page 57]



Meighan was a police officer of stern qualities in Caddo's *The Racket*. This photo shows him with Louis Wolheim, who died several years ago

How To Crash The Dance Line



WHAT CHANCE HAS a girl in this year of 1936 to get into a movie dance line? And how does she go about it? These are the questions that frequently come to **HOLLYWOOD** Magazine. We went to LeRoy Prinz, Paramount dance director, for the answers. And whether or not you are interested in crashing that exclusive group, you will be interested in the astonishing story behind a very specialized branch of the movie industry. Dull routine, glory, heart-breaks and genuine melodrama—these are the things we found.—*The Editor.*

● **LEROY PRINZ HAS HIS** hands full tonight. He is going to cast 100 girls to dance in the film *Champagne Waltz* and another 50 girls for *Big Broadcast of 1937*. Tonight he will see possibly 200 girls compete.

LeRoy is sitting at a table at one end of the hall. His assistants are lining up the first group of girls, taking down their names and telling them to get ready.

"Many of these girls are veterans," LeRoy explains to us. "I know hundreds of them by name, and I know a life story about many of those. Tonight there are some new faces, girls who have just come to Hollywood after graduating from their local dancing schools.

"So here they are—veterans and newcomers. As I said before, I know most of these veterans well, but they change in appearance and so I must put them through the elimination along with the new girls. In several weeks or months, they have had time to change—gain or lose weight, adopt a different hair dress, and so on. So I have to check them all up. All right, girls, line up!" he calls.

The Review Commences

● **HIGH HEELS CLICK** precisely on the floor as they form a line. Some of them are scared to death. The old timers

There are plenty of pretty girls in Hollywood, but often the ones who are intelligent get into the dance line when lovelier looking girls fail. Above, a typical group of Prinz dancers. Below, the Prinz family: Eddie, on the left, Edward Prinz, Sr., and LeRoy Prinz, Paramount's ace dance director

(more by months than years—they are all young) are business-like and gay. The new girls look a little bit frightened. They need not be. Mr. Prinz, his brother, Eddie, and the other assistants are all business, but they're friendly and not at all hostile.

All right. LeRoy picks up a list and calls off a name. One of the girls steps out as the piano begins a waltz, and an assistant glides by with her. LeRoy will either check her name off, mark an o.k., or make it more emphatic by writing down the one word, "Use."

These girls have been chosen from his extensive files. He has 1,000 of them carefully listed according to talents, appearance, nationality, age and other statistics. He knows there are at least another thousand in Hollywood but these, as far as he knows, are the better ones.

Another girl glides by. He says, "Anne, you're getting fat!" She grins like it is a good joke. And it is, for this is not criticism at all. Anne a few years ago was a kid dancer with a lot of promise. Right when she seemed well off she developed an ailment. LeRoy was interested in the kid. He has gotten a few gray hairs worrying about his charges. He sent her to the doctor, who shook his head and said, "T. B."

LeRoy could have forgotten about her, but he is not that kind of a man. Instead, he advanced her money and sent Anne off to an institution for a rest cure. Recently she came back—grown up and healthy as could be. She is a real beauty, and full of personality. So LeRoy is seeing to it she gets the breaks again. Anne is full of gratitude. Every week that she gets work, she gives LeRoy half in part payment for the money he has spent on her. She is landing work pretty regularly with many of the studios.

Other girls waltz by. Most of them are not doing a real waltz. That is not so important. LeRoy is watching their carriage, their personalities, their interest. No slouchbacks are allowed. There must be something more than physical good looks, too. Brainy kids get somewhere if they have any talent at all.

Expert Training is Important

● **SOME OF THE GIRLS** have been expertly trained. He points out one who shows real class as a dancer. "She's an Albertina Rasch pupil," he says. "She's good." The girl gets a big O.K. after her name.

[Continued on page 60]

More photos on page 60

1926—Valentino's Memory Fades—1936

TODAY, TEN YEARS after his death, Rudolph Valentino apparently is Hollywood's Forgotten Man!

His crypt in Hollywood Mausoleum is barren of flowers. A statue erected to his memory in DeLongpre Park, in the center of the movie city, is surrounded by reeds. August the twenty-third, 1926, was a long time ago; the public, fickle in its tastes, has moved with the calendar—and forgotten!

The entire world was mourning Rudy's sudden demise in New York, where he had gone for a holiday, at the very apex of his success.

Pola Negri, then one of the silver-sheet's most glamorous stars, announced that she was the beloved Rudy's betrothed, donned widow's weeds and rushed eastward to implant a farewell kiss on his cold lips. Meanwhile, milling throngs gathered outside a Gotham mortuary, where his remains rested in state, for the mere privilege of paying homage at his bier.

Other thousands lined railroad station platforms as the special train bearing all that was mortal of the departed celluloid sheik paused momentarily in cities and villages dotting its transcontinental route to Hollywood, where he had carved his niche, and where half a million worshippers, men and women alike, lined the thoroughfares as his bronze and silver casket was toted from a Beverly Hills church to a Hollywood cemetery.

But that was ten years ago . . .

Only Falcon Lair Remains

● WHEN DEATH REACHED out its hand, Rudolph Valentino supposedly was a super-rich young man. Now all that remains of his estate is Falcon Lair, the hilltop mansion he built for his second bride, exotic Natacha Rambova, and which has long since been dubbed the "haunted house" by tourist guides and



Ten, twenty, and fifty years from now *The Sheik* will still be remembered as Rudolph Valentino. But, in terms of flowers at his crypt, Rudy has already been forgotten by his admirers

the "white elephant" by realty brokers.

It is a matter of record in the Los Angeles courts that what little Rudolph left in the way of material wealth was dissipated before it reached the heirs for whom it was intended—his brother and sister. It is also a matter of record in these same tribunals that the world-wide fund raised for the erection of a suitable memorial to him went the same way.

Rudolph Valentino's last will and testament, naming George Ullman, his manager, as executor, his brother, Alberto Valentino, and a sister living in Italy as his beneficiaries was merely another gesture, for he was aware when the Reaper closed his soulful eyes that he

had little or nothing to bequeath. Fate, however, smiled upon Rudy Valentino in death.

A Fortune After Death

● HE HAD RISEN to his supreme moment in *Four Horsemen* and *Son of the Sheik*. The latter, a sequel to *The Sheik*, was completed only a few days before he left Hollywood for New York.

Son of the Sheik, in which he had a profit-sharing interest, did a record-breaking business because of the extensive newspaper space devoted to his passing. Immediately on its heels, his earlier productions were re-issued. They, too, reaped a golden harvest.

So it was that Destiny built a fortune for Alberto and his sister—a fortune they never received.

In recent years, Alberto, his wife and his son have made their abode in the servants' quarters above the garage at Falcon Lair. The residence itself has gone untenanted until the last few months, for Alberto, on his meagre income as a talkie extra and part-time book-keeper, never felt himself able to pay the upkeep on the many rooms.

What Alberto has saved through modest living, he has expended on his son's college education. Some day you will hear of Rudolph II as a surgeon.

Ullman, the man who engineered Rudy's rise to the throne of popularity, is no longer the affluent individual he used to be. He is an actors' agent, but his list of clients contains no Valentino successor. Too, Ullman has heard himself raked over the coals of legal fire on more than one occasion.

A Los Angeles Superior Judge, Hon. Walton Wood, ousting Ullman as administrator, ordered him to repay to the estate the sum of \$25,849, and named a Los Angeles bank to take over the executor [Continued on page 63]



Aspiration . . . the monument to Valentino's memory is surrounded by reeds. Few people, indeed, know to whom the monument is commemorated



For years flowers like these surrounded his last resting place. Rudy's thousands of admirers did not forget their greatest of screen idols. They came in throngs to his crypt



But today, 41 years after his birth and ten years after his death, Rudy's crypt has no flowers, and only his faithful family pause a moment and pass on by

Dolores Del Rio—Always A Lady!

MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE, Dolores Del Rio is a lady. Occasionally there are trying times when Hollywood stars remember—or forget—such a status according to their individual abilities. But femininity, grace and beauty are synonymous with Del Rio, and never to be questioned.

Nevertheless, one morning recently in New York harbor the question did arise, and only the innate human understanding which Dolores possesses saved the day.

She was just arriving back in America on the huge British liner *Queen Mary*. It was the end of a three month business trip to London where she had been doing a starring rôle in *Accused*.

The *Queen Mary* arrived in port on its second trip amid a great hub-bub. Whistles shrieked out from excited tug-boats. On shore, as on its maiden voyage, thousands of people watched from every possible vantage point. Newspaper men climbed aboard with a busy air of importance.

In her cabin Dolores Del Rio slept on, unaware of the ballyhoo without.

Suddenly a dozen fists smashed against her door. Lovely Dolores awoke with a start, cried out, "What is it, please?" (She had visions of a terrible catastrophe, of another *Titanic*. She was, in a word, scared silly.)

"We're the press!" someone shouted. "Open up!"

Dolores, clad only in negligee, stammered her answer.

"I am frightfully sorry! I am just awakening. I am not dressed. Presently I shall be glad to see you!"

From without the door was blustering. "Come out whether you are dressed or not. Do you think we enjoy getting up at six in the morning? Don't go Hollywood on us. We're very busy. Lots of people to see."

Dolores was about to say, "Why don't you go see them, then?" with a stamp of her fluffy slippers. Instead she remem-



Two giant pines, twins 200 years old, shade the lawn alongside the modernistic home

bered that she always had been a very feminine lady, and replied, "I am so sorry. Soon I will be ready. Please have patience." And Dolores dressed quickly. Rude as the press representatives had been, Del Rio was graciousness itself.

It can be recorded here that she spent the ensuing two hours walking up and down stairs, posing for cameramen and giving interviews. All with a smile. And for what? So that a couple of newspapers could give those aloof sort of interviews that reveal the reporter's cold disapproval. Dolores would have felt pretty unhappy about it all if a couple of the ship reporters had not come to her and apologized for the conduct of the group. And when, later, there appeared a story criticizing her for keeping them waiting, she still said nothing.

Dolores Del Rio acted like a lady because she is first of all a woman. A gracious, human, utterly feminine woman.

The Screen Does Not Flatter

● **THIS EXOTIC YOUNG WOMAN** from the land of the dons has so much more than beauty. Believe us, the screen reproduces but never flatters Del Rio. She is, with her warm gold skin, her wide dark eyes in their thick fringe of silken lashes, her blue-black hair, her slender patrician hands, her perfect contour of face and figure, the perfect beauty. She plays with years and laughs at them.

She lived the cloistered childhood of old Spain. Nor has she entirely forgotten it in the modern surroundings of the home her husband, Cedric Gibbons, designed for her. We want to tell you about that home, because it reflects the modern femininity of Del Rio as you know her, yet retains a touch of the old atmosphere of her ancestors.

Dolores' home is down by the sea in Santa Monica canyon. You need a map and a slide rule to find it, but once you have spotted the chromium gates at the end of the winding road, you have come to a modern little palace.

A butler greets you at the door. If your visit is kosher, he presses a button and the

gate opens. You are ushered into a gleaming white reception room, with creamy white rugs. Soon you find that every room has these thick, velvety rugs. But while you wait the butler goes up winding, modern stairs to announce your presence.

Off to the right you catch a glimpse of the dining room, not large but distinctly different. Most eyecatching is the crystal top table, hard enough to resist the blow from a bludgeon. There is nothing gaudy about this room. Rather, it is cool and restful and unobtrusive.

She Loves Books Around Her

● **PRESENTLY WE CLIMB** the long stairs and find ourselves in the drawing room, again with white walls and rugs. The book cases are of rust lacquer, and you know instantly that Dolores and her husband like books for what they contain. There are very few sets of books in immaculate order. Instead, we find scores and scores of novels, biographies and other non-fiction books, each proud of its own niche.

In the center is a chromium and black fireplace, screened with a curtain of chromium mesh. Dolores sits in front of it, sipping an iced glass of grape juice. She is wearing a white jacket over a red dress. Designers could tell you something interesting and different about her simple clothes. All we know is that the effect is pleasing and extremely fitting.

Dolores has just come in from an auto ride along the ocean which you can see from the window, basking in the afternoon sun. But she did not do the driving.

"I love to ride horseback," she tells us smilingly, "but it is different trying to manage a car. Imagine it—I have not the slightest idea what to do with all the wheels and things in an automobile! I would be frightened beyond words at the thought of driving. And it is so dangerous in Los Angeles!"

Then who does do the driving, we inquire.

[Continued on page 64]



Everything in her house, like Dolores herself, is a study in light and dark, brilliance and shadow. Hence, chromium and black furnishings adorn the mantels, the bookcases



Del Rio finds tennis good fun, but she is not an expert. Women can afford to be merely decorative in this game, she maintains



**SHE'S GOT STYLE
ALL RIGHT—BUT
SHE'D JUST RUIN
OUR SHOW...**



READ HOW
KAY'S
PIMPLES
NEARLY
KEPT HER
OUT OF
THE
FASHION
SHOW



THAT'S FINE, KAY... YOU'VE GOT THE WALK
DOWN PAT... BUT I DON'T LIKE THE DRESS
ON YOU... SUPPOSE YOU TRY ONE OF
THE SPORTS
SUITS

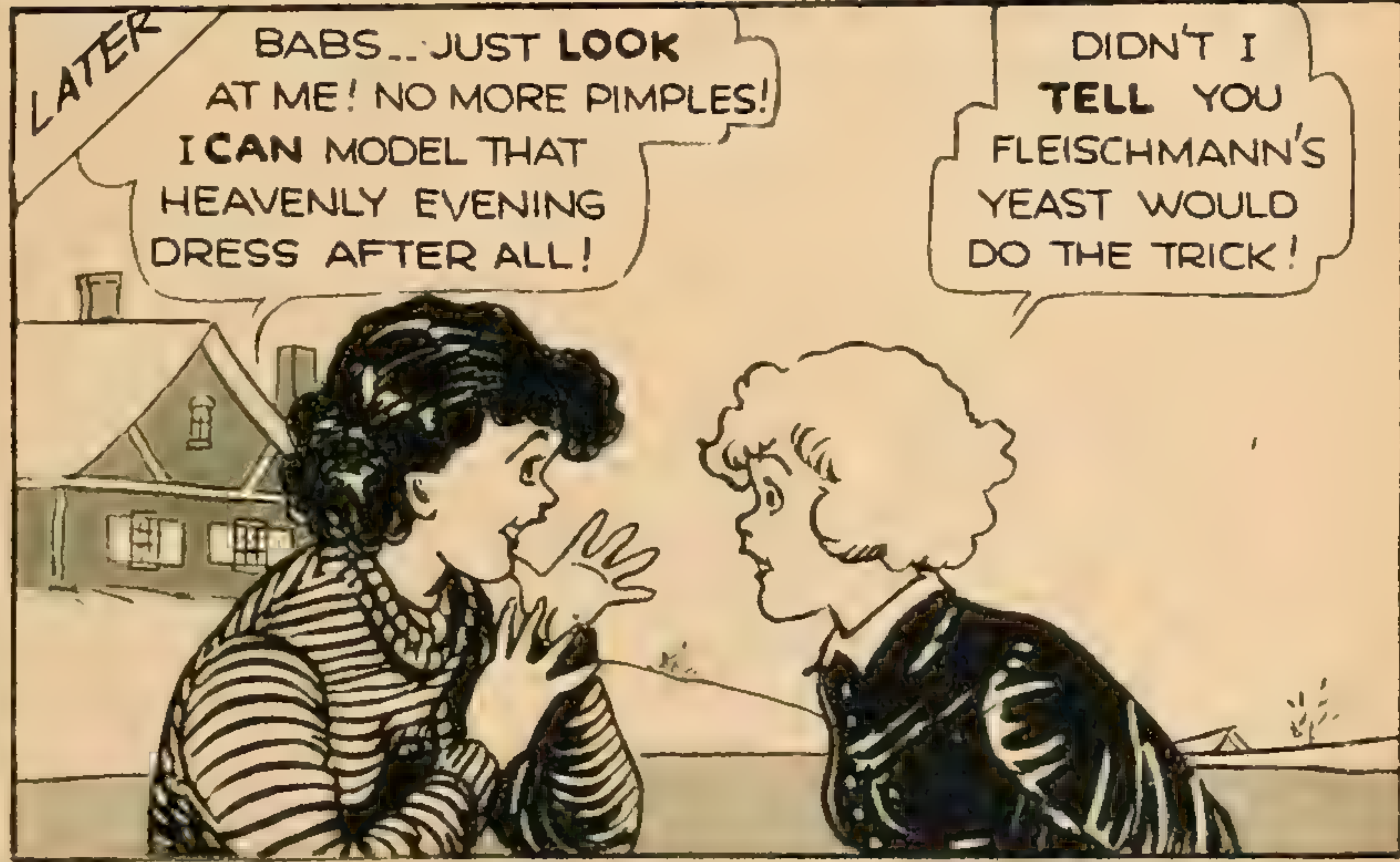


HOW COME?
WHY'S SHE
MAKING YOU
CHANGE?
SHE SAYS THE DRESS DOESN'T SUIT
ME... WHAT SHE MEANS IS I'VE GOT TOO
DARN MANY PIMPLES TO WEAR IT. OH,
BABS, HOW CAN I GET RID OF THEM
BEFORE THIS
SHOW COMES
OFF!?!



I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU OUGHT
TO DO... EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST.
HONESTLY, IT'S DEATH ON PIMPLES.
I OUGHT TO KNOW... IT
CLEARED UP MINE!

IT DID?
I'LL START
TONIGHT!



LATER
BABS... JUST LOOK
AT ME! NO MORE PIMPLES!
I CAN MODEL THAT
HEAVENLY EVENING
DRESS AFTER ALL!

DIDN'T I
TELL YOU
FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST WOULD
DO THE TRICK!



WHAT A PEACH! SAY, DO
YOU KNOW HER? HOW
CAN I MEET HER?

**Don't let adolescent pimples keep
YOU from being admired**

UNSIGHTLY skin blemishes are a big trial
to many young people during the years
that follow the beginning of adolescence—from
about 13 to 25, or even longer.

Important glands develop at this time, and
final growth takes place. Disturbances occur
throughout the entire system. The skin, espe-
cially, gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the
blood irritate this sensitive skin, and it breaks
out in pimples.

But even severe cases of adolescent pimples
can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast
clears these skin irritants out of the blood.
Then, the pimples disappear.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly*
each day, before meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved
in a little water until your skin is entirely clear.
Start today.



—clears the skin
**by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood**

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Woven-to-Shape
HICKORY
Lastex
 Sanitary Belt
 WITH
 "MARVELOX"
 GRIP

The lowest price for this belt in Hickory history—35c—is sensational!

By a patented process these Hickory Belts are permanently woven-to-shape on the loom to make them conform comfortably and perfectly to your figure. Made of long-wearing, easy-stretch fine quality Lastex. Can be boiled, washed and ironed.

The "MARVELOX" grip is a new, simple, sensible aid to your personal daintiness, protection and peace of mind. Tiny, lightweight, no bulk, unobtrusive. Adjusted in an instant—permanently secure. No. 1395 (illustrated) 35c. Other Hickory Sanitary Belts: 25c-75c. At all good Notions Counters.

If your dealer hasn't Hickory Woven-to-Shape "MARVELOX", send us his name with your remittance and we will supply you. Specify small, medium or large size. Address: 1143 West Congress St., Chicago.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
 CHICAGO • NEW YORK

Hollywood's Charm School

Merle Oberon's Dramatic Hands



by Ann Vernon

IF YOU ARE AMONG the myriad admirers of Merle Oberon's lovely hands, then you will want to know, as I did, the secrets of the care which she gives them. Merle told me these secrets one day recently as we were having tea at her beach home which fronts the Santa Monica bay.

Her long graceful fingers were as much at home with the silver service as they had appeared to me on other occasions wrapped firmly about the handle of a fishing rod or gripping a tennis racket.

Spreading her fingers wide, Merle looked attentively at them, studying them for a moment. "I am, I suppose, *unconsciously* conscious of my hands. I do give them very good care," she said, "but I don't coddle them. I like to use my hands—do things with them. See—" she held up her palm for inspection—"a blister. I got that this morning playing golf and now I shall have to wear a bit of adhesive tape over it until it heals.

"The use of soft water in bathing or washing the hands is the first step toward a good skin. For that reason I have a water softener installed in my house. When I am traveling or away from home I use a prepared softener. The use of a bland soap is also of utmost importance in preventing harsh alkali from robbing the skin of natural oils.

"I use a nail brush vigorously on my hands once a day, preferably at night. And since I frequently acquire small abrasions on my hands while fishing or playing golf, I put a few drops of antiseptic lotion in a bowl of clear water and rinse my hands in that to guard against possible infection.

"In the damp air of London, my skin was less inclined to dryness than it is in



An enthusiast over deep-sea fishing, Merle Oberon scorns gloves for this vigorous sport. She believes in caring for and using the hands

California where I spend so much time in the sun. A daily ritual is rubbing cocoa butter into my hands at night before going to bed. Cocoa butter keeps my hands smooth and soft despite the out-of-door sports which I enjoy so much.

"Another nightly ritual is rubbing cleansing cream on my face before going into my bath. The steam from the warm water opens the pores of the skin and thoroughly melts the cream so that its cleansing properties have a double opportunity to do their work."

[Continued on page 49]

HOLLYWOOD

THIS HOLLYWOOD MAKE-UP...

What will it do for you?

HOLLYWOOD'S make-up originated by Max Factor will do wonderful things for you...it will "discover" beauty in your face that you didn't know was there...it will individualize that beauty, make you interesting, different!

IT IS an extraordinary make-up, because it was created for extraordinary conditions...screen stars, not wanting to look alike, asked Max Factor to create a make-up that would individualize their type. The result was Max Factor's sensational discovery—powder, rouge, lipstick in color harmony shades that instantly dramatize the individual charm of every star!

You will find that Max Factor's Powder in your color harmony shade will enliven your skin with youthful radiance...the Rouge will add a lifelike color to your cheeks...the Lipstick will dramatize your lips with an alluring color that lasts indefinitely! Try Hollywood's make-up secret, and note the amazing difference!



Jane Wyatt

IN COLUMBIA'S

"LOST HORIZON"



A NEW LIP MAKE-UP. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in your color harmony shade will dramatize your lips with an alluring color that lasts indefinitely. One dollar.

A POWDER SECRET. Your skin will look young and lovely when touched by the magic of Max Factor's Powder in your color harmony shade. One dollar.

ROUGE MAGIC. Max Factor's color harmony Rouge imparts a natural looking radiant color to your cheeks...blends smoothly and evenly...does not look "hard" in any light. Fifty cents.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Would you like to see how lovely you can be with powder, rouge and lipstick in your color harmony shade? MAIL COUPON.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.

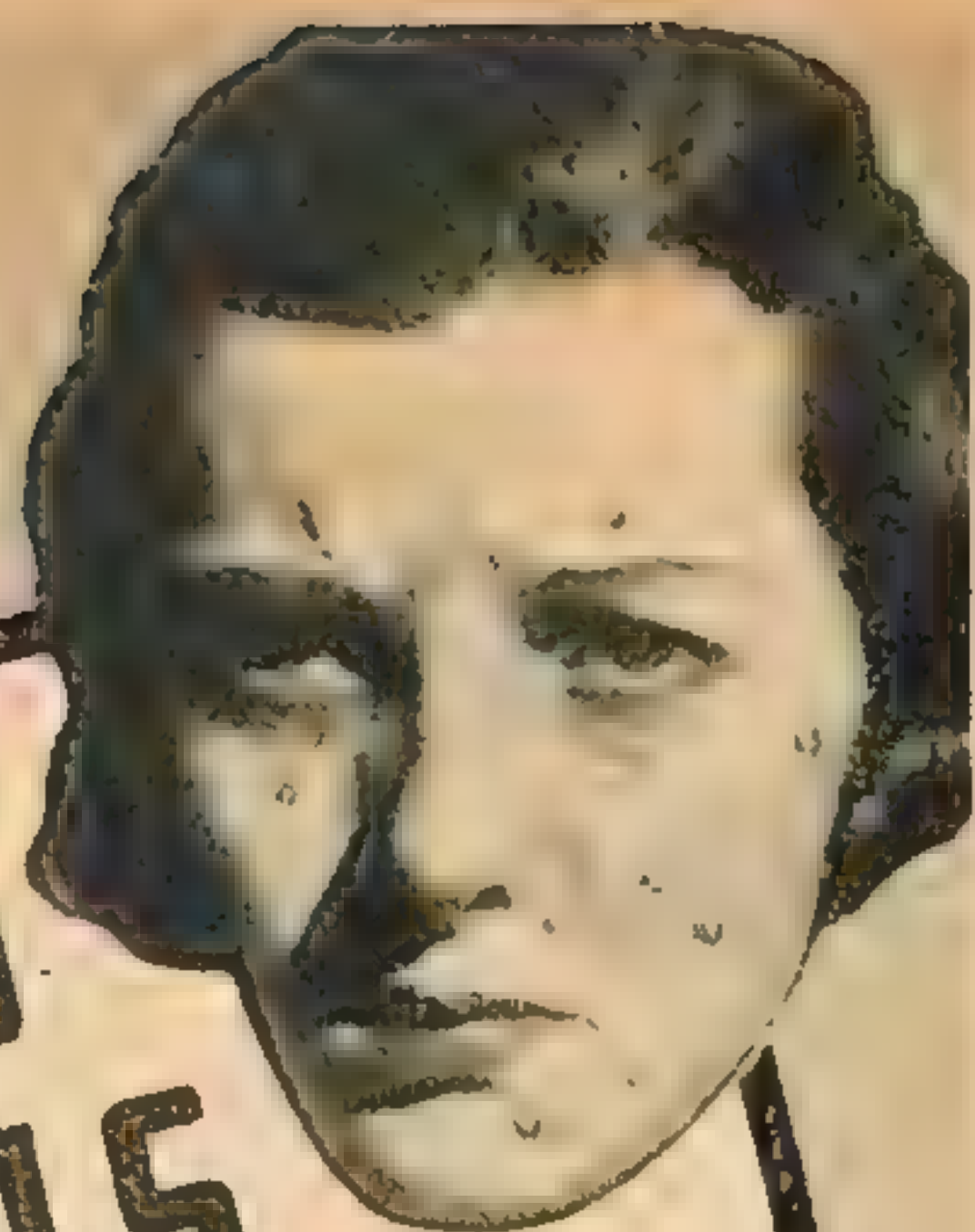
5-9-17

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE _____	

© 1936 by Max Factor & Co.

**PIMPLES
AND BOILS
SPOILED MY
APPEARANCE**
Became Irritable. Run-
down - A Nervous
Wreck!



... Yet When Blood
and Glands Got **NATURAL**
IODINE All
Skin Troubles
Ended—Gave
Me a Clear,
Fresh Com-
plexion and
Rosy
Cheeks!



Here is good news for
you thousands of girls
and women—and men, too
—who suffer the shame and
embarrassment of ugly, pimply,
blotchy skin—and who constantly
suffer the annoyance of skin
“breaking out,” disfiguring eruptions
and often boils. Usually, the whole trouble
is internal, caused by poor blood, faulty di-
gestion and elimination. Now, however, with
Seedol Kelpamalt, the world's richest source
of vitally needed minerals and iodine, a way
has been found to quickly correct the under-
lying cause of these vicious skin troubles.
By stimulating the glands which provide the
digestive juices needed for proper digestion,
elimination improves, blood becomes rich, red
and nourishing—and the cause of sallow,
pimply, blotchy skin is quickly removed.

“I had been rundown for two years,” writes
L. T., “and was constantly troubled with
pimples and boils. After two weeks of Kelpa-
malt, I noticed an amazing improvement and
am glad to say that I am now proud of my
flawless complexion. I feel fine, too.”

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for one week. Note
how much stronger you feel, how well you
eat, how your digestion improves. If it does
not definitely eliminate skin disorders due to
internal causes within ten days, the trial is
free. Your own doctor will approve this way.
100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—
four to five times the size of ordinary tablets
—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get
Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is
sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer
has not yet received his supply, send \$1.00
for special introductory size bottle of 65 tab-
lets to the address below.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt Tablets

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold
as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of
the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt—are being
offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Com-
pany will reward for information covering any
case where an imitation product has been rep-
resented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt.
Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol
Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimila-
lated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth.
Results guaranteed or money back.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-
page book on new quick way to purify
and enrich the blood, end skin blemishes
and pimples, improve digestion, banish
constipation and strengthen nerves. Min-
eral contents of Food and their effects on
the human body. New facts about
NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and
measurement charts. Daily menus for
weight building. Absolutely free. No
obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 933,
27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

Hollywood Youngstars

By Phyllis Fraser



Tom Brown and Dick Cromwell seemed interested in a couple of young ladies out of the Gay '90's. As a matter of fact, the girl beside Tom is Toby Wing, with Betty Furness as the black-haired beauty. Scene was the Actors' Benefit

DOT . . . DASH . . . DOT . . . dash . . .
dash . . . is a sound that is becoming
more and more familiar at Ginger
Rogers' house, for she is learning the Morse
Code . . . It all came about when someone
gave her two miniature sending boards as
a gag . . . now she and her mother sit
across the room from each other and send
messages via the board. Their station call
is that well known rhythm beat, “Shave
and a haircut sixbits” . . .

Oftentimes their messages become very
confused and they have to start all over
again . . . and if they can't get some word
or letter they finally just call it across the
room to the other . . . and proceed. I'm
not certain just what they are planning to
do with it after they have it thoroughly
learned . . . although Ginger staunchly
maintains that it will definitely be an asset
. . . Perhaps she's going to learn to dance
and sing in Morse Code.

Success Stories . . . Earl Eby is to be
Tallulah Bankhead's leading man in a stage
production on the coast . . . Mr. Eby
has been in many plays and if several pic-
ture companies are successful with their
negotiations it won't be long before you see
him on the silver screen . . . look to your
laurels Mr. Gable and Mr. Taylor . . . Alan
Curtis was an Arrow Collar ad man when
RKO discovered him and urged him to sign
a contract . . . he told them he didn't know
how to act . . . he just posed for pictures . . .
they said that's what they wanted him for
. . . pictures . . . Look for him in *Count Pete*.

HOLLYWOOD PEOPLE never know whether
Rochelle Hudson is laughing at them or
with them. On a picture she just recently
completed she had what she called her
“rose mood” . . . she said she wouldn't or
couldn't do a scene without first rehears-
ing it with a rose whirling about in her
fingers . . . finally a frantic prop man
brought the necessary flower . . . Holly-
wood gasped . . . Rochelle had gone ec-

centric—but she had that twinkle in her
eye . . . the same one she had when she
wore her mother's engagement ring and
told reporters that she was engaged . . .
and not unlike the look her eyes contained
when Miss Hudson went to the studio and
whispered into willing ears that she and
her fiancé had parted . . . that now her
career was the most important thing in
her life . . .

[Continued on page 51]



More personalities than ever attended this
year's Actors' Benefit. The young stars turned
out in as big numbers as their elders. Here
you see Francis Lederer and Anita Louise

WINNER!

Miss Harriet Brandon is pictured above just after receiving a permanent wave, from Edmond (55th St.), one of New York's fashionable hairdressers.

"Since rinsing my hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, I have become increasingly popular," says Miss Harriet Brandon of Indianapolis, Indiana.

FIRST girl to win the title of **MARCHAND BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH**, lovely Miss Brandon told us she early realized how important it is for a girl fully to develop *one* of her charms. "By keeping my hair always soft, bright and lustrous I add immeasurably to my appearance," says Miss Brandon. Whether blonde or brunette, you, too can gain new attractiveness—a charming appearance your friends will admire, by making soft lustrous hair *your* secret of loveliness.

BLONDES—Keep your hair the popular golden shade with Marchand's. To brighten dull, faded or streaked hair, rinse with Marchand's.

BRUNETTES—Rinse sparkling highlights into your hair, with Marchand's. Or, using Marchand's full strength, you can lighten your hair to any lovely blonde shade.

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Reviews of the Previews

by Top Hat . . . his expression tells the story



Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard are two of the stars in M-G-M's tremendous film, *Romeo and Juliet* which was previewed at one of Hollywood's biggest theaters with the public barred

ROMEO AND JULIET—(M-G-M)—A special showing of the \$2,000,000 *Romeo and Juliet* to the press convinced those who have watched this film in the making that it tops all previous efforts of the industry in acting, photography, sets, costumes, music and all the allied talents of the picture business. For Norma Shearer it cannot help but bring the academy award, and all the huzzahs and honors an appreciative public may devise. Shakespeare gave Juliet all the best lines. Miss Shearer has read them beautifully. Romeo still dies beside her in the tomb, and Juliet still sheathes his dagger in her lovely breast, and the tragedy of these lovers still bring tears as it did when first presented in London in 1596. Incredible care went into the production. The balcony scene alone required five weeks to film, a month went into the making of the dueling scenes. While no ordinary mortal could have been considered perfect for everyone's notion of a Romeo, Leslie Howard does well by the rôle. Basil Rathbone, himself a noted Romeo of the stage, is as brilliant as a black diamond in the part of Tybalt, John Barrymore is a mad scapegrace of a Mercutio, while Edna Mae Oliver and all the others made of this play a grand and noble thing of beauty.

GIVE ME YOUR HEART—(Warners)—Built of stirring, human stuff, here is a film certain to tug at the hearts of all adults—it not being intended for child consumption. The problem: the unwed girl (Kay Francis) is about to become a mother. Her lover (Patric Knowles) is an English nobleman, married to an invalid wife (Frieda Enescort). Should Kay keep the child herself, or give it to her lover to raise as his own legitimate son?

Her decision, and its consequences, make this a dramatic picture dealing largely with the neurosis which threatens the mother's happiness. George Brent and Roland Young are the other principal members of the cast, with Young doing one of his finest rôles to date. You will find Miss Francis handling her difficult assignment in marvelous style throughout most of the film. The drama of

her problem, and the humor of Young's efforts to help her, are the highlights of the picture. Keep your eyes on Frieda Enescort.

WHITE FANG—(20th Century-Fox)—Additional melodrama of the Alaskan frontier, based along the lines of *Call of the Wild*, make this picture all right for summer entertainment. Michael Whalen, as the wrongly suspected young hero, is about to be hanged for killing his sweetheart's brother. Combined loyalties of his beloved (Jean Muir), and his comrade (Slim Summerville), save him from such a fate. John Carradine, as the menace, is worth a barrel of old fashioned hisses. In fact, they made him just a little too melodramatic. Charles Winninger (Remember him in *Showboat*?) is excellent as the old doctor.

HERE'S A TIP

Movie fans everywhere find it adds to their enjoyment and entertainment to read the complete fiction story of a movie before seeing it.

ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES, on sale at all newsstands for 10c, prints the exclusive fiction stories of coming movies.

The big September issue (on sale August 10) contains the complete fiction stories of **SWING TIME**, starring Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; **THE TEXAS RANGERS**, with Fred McMurray, Jean Parker, Jack Oakie; **STAGE STRUCK**, with Dick Powell, Joan Blondell; **THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS**, with Randolph Scott, Binnie Barnes, Heather Angel; **GIVE ME YOUR HEART**, with Kay Francis, George Brent—and many other complete stories of coming movies.

It's a real thrill to read these stories, completely illustrated with actual scenes from the movies, before seeing the picture.

Ask your newsdealer for **ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES**, the big ten cent magazine. You'll thank us for this entertainment tip.

THE DEVIL DOLL—(M-G-M)—We don't know what you are going to think of this one. Lionel Barrymore, playing the rôle of an escaped convict seeking vengeance, disguises himself as an old lady. From a scientist who has died he has learned a secret process which reduces people to doll size. Armed with this information, Barrymore opens a doll shop in Paris and begins his series of weird vengeance. The photography is incredible, thrilling. Many parts of the story are weak and insufficient. But the sheer novelty of this picture makes it outstanding in a measure. Henry B. Walthall played his final rôle here just before he died. Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Lawton are others in the cast.

THE BRIDE WALKS OUT—(RKO)—Barbara Stanwyck turns away from drama in this one to enact a nice bit of comedy, assisted by Gene Raymond, Robert Young, Ned Sparks, Helen Broderick and several others. Married to Raymond in a hilarious scene, Barbara makes the acquaintance of Robert Young, the rich young drunkard who knows true love when he sees it. Bob is very pleasing in this picture, and since Gene is cast as the ambitious but darned independent day laborer, you can't be blamed for hoping Barbara will choose Mr. Young after all. The many amusing moments in the picture must be attributed to every member of the cast.

RHYTHM ON THE RANGE—(Paramount) Bing Crosby turns cowboy and sings in this picture in his usual pleasing way. Half farce and half serious, the picture struggles to find its own level; nevertheless it provides pleasing entertainment while presenting two sure bets: Martha Raye and Bob Burns. Both comedians are excellent "finds" for filmland. Frances Farmer is the sweet leading lady. Crosby fans will be pleased with his work. He is thinner and better looking, and incidentally, a better actor, although he isn't called on to do much serious emoting.

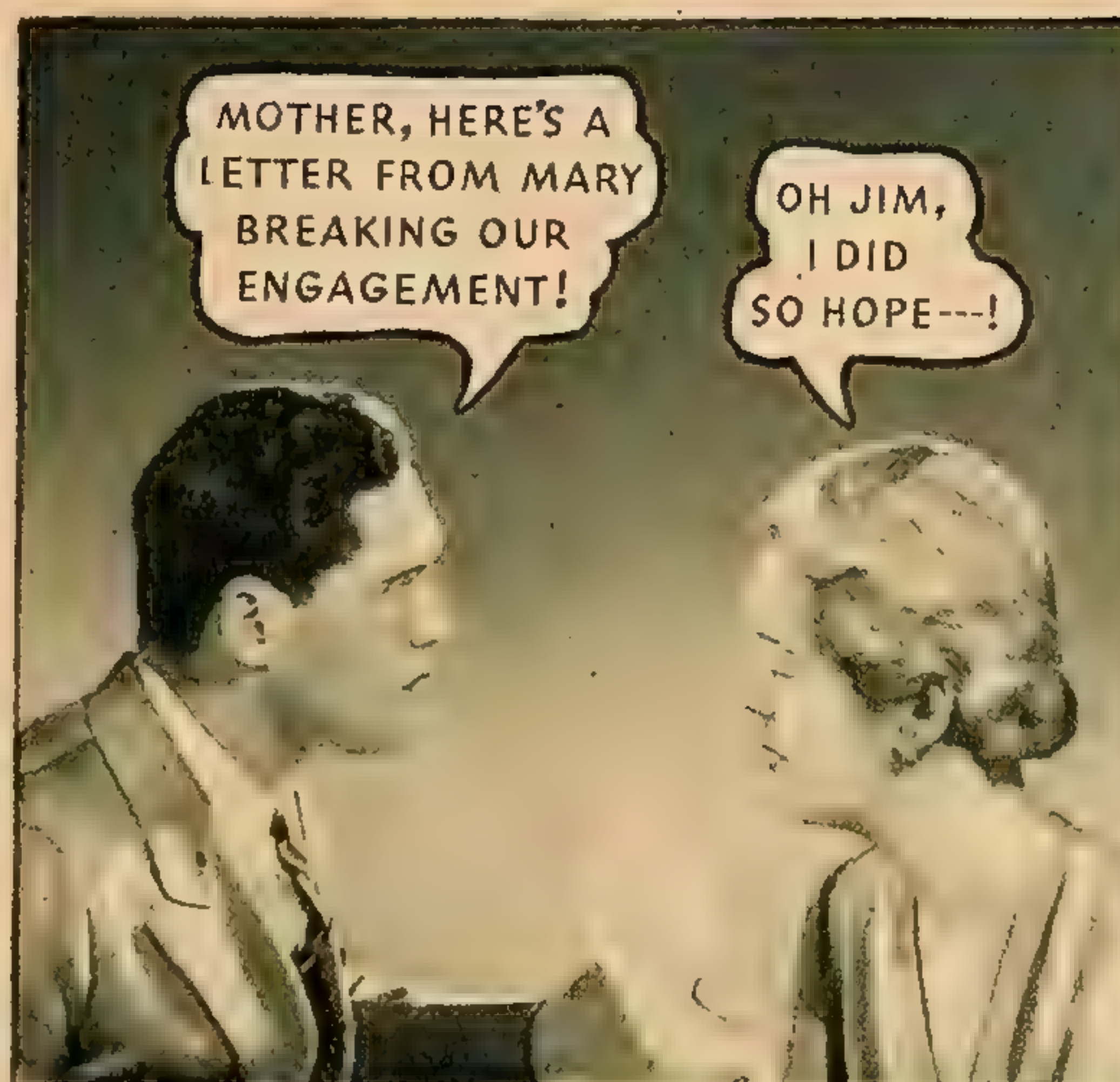
THREE CHEERS FOR LOVE—(Paramount)—Stop us if you have heard this one before: a show troupe invades a school for young ladies, gives it a shot of life a la moderne. That's the plot, and what are you going to do about it? On the other hand, you will enjoy Eleanore Whitney in her first leading rôle which she plays in fine style. Louis Da Pron does some whizzing tap number, too. Bob Cummings sings. Maybe that's two bits' worth of entertainment, all in all. You make the decision.

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE RACE TRACK—(20th-Fox)—Based on a true story of the race track, this Chan thriller has Warner Oland out to solve the murder of a horse owner en route from Australia to America for the big money. Chan's investigation is aided by his son (Keye Luke) whose performance matches Oland's in every way. Alan Dinehart, Frankie Darro, Helen Wood and other members of the cast give good performances.

DOWN TO THE SEA—(Republic)—Here is a story that is out of the usual run of things, a drama of 'sponge' fishermen off the coast of Florida. It depicts the conflict between the fishermen who work from large boats in deep waters with divers, and the men who fish from small boats along the shore. It is strictly different stuff, adapted from story material written by William Ullman, Jr., former writer for HOLLYWOOD Magazine. In the cast you will see Russell Hardie, Ben Lyon, Ann Rutherford.



For thrills and music: Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald and Harold Huber in a scene from *San Francisco*



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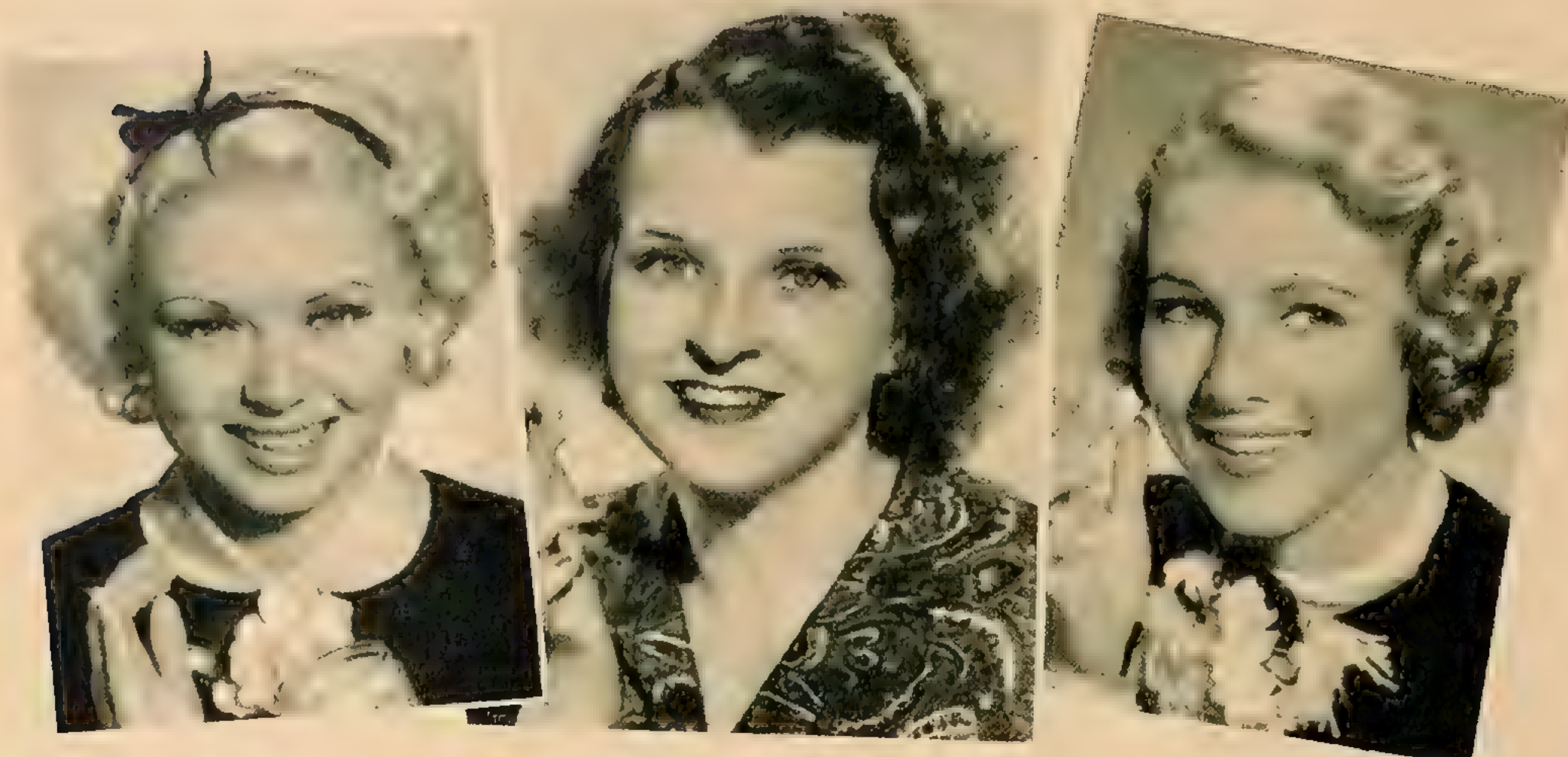
penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

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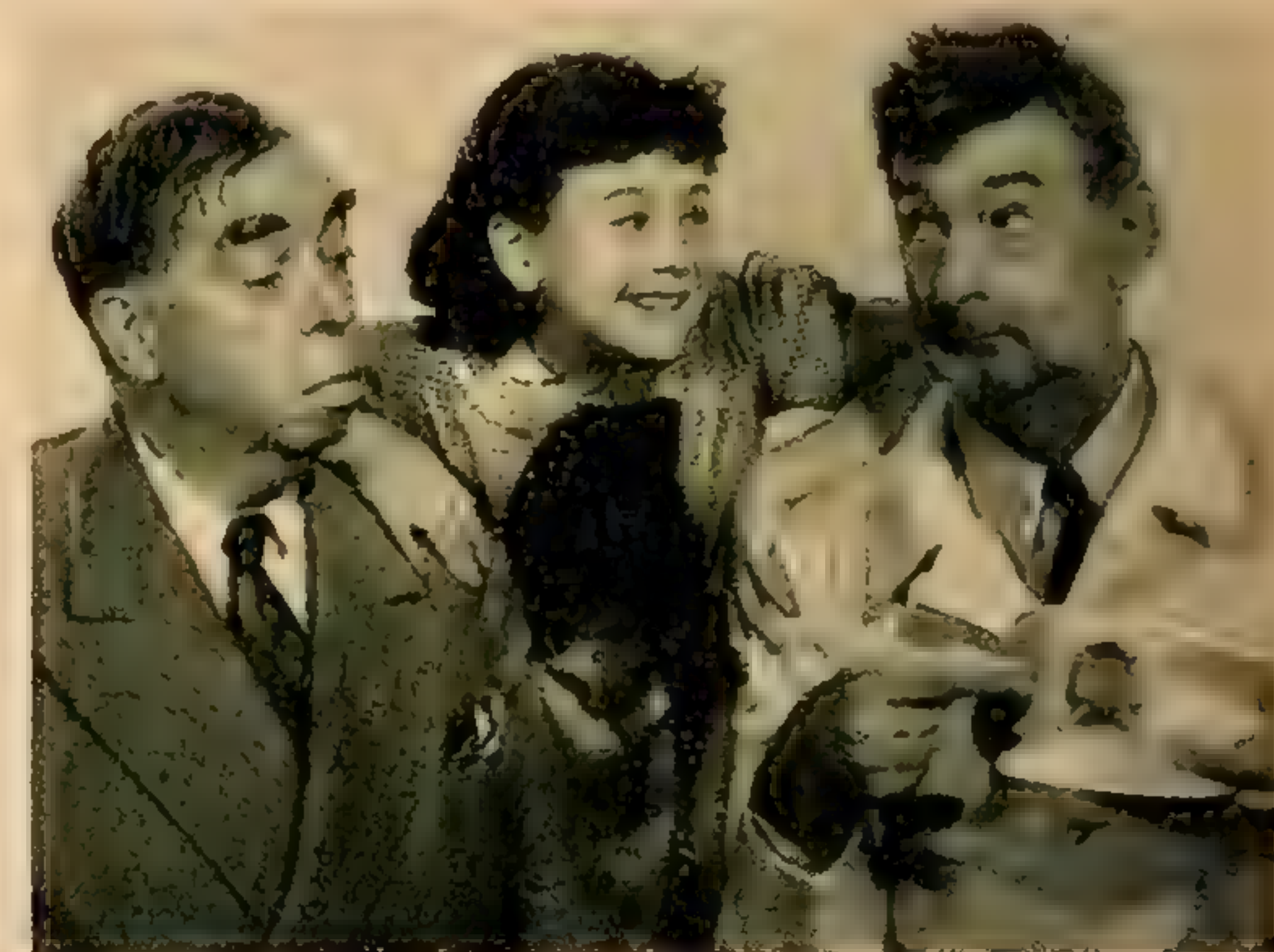
Guy Kibbee and Anne Shirley star in *M'liss*. It is guaranteed as good family entertainment with Anne doing a first class performance

Fritz Leiber, Irving Pichel, Vince Barnett. They all do a fine job, lending materially to the entertainment. The undersea photography is something to behold.

SAN FRANCISCO—(M-G-M)—In the Great Rush of the Prima Donnas to Hollywood a year or so ago, filmland almost forgot about one of its own best singers. Jeanette MacDonald has been biding her time, content to startle you now and then with fine pictures like *Rose Marie*. But in *San Francisco*, the girl who is not a Metropolitan star completely steals the picture. Her singing is just about the finest yet done on the screen; her acting likewise is exceptional. Cast amid burly men of the Barbary Coast era, her problem is whether to marry low-brow Clark Gable or high-brow Jack Holt. Spencer Tracy sticks around in the rôle of parson ready to bless the winner. Go prepared to have the wits scared out of you when the earthquake hits San Francisco. It is a fact that the preview in Hollywood nearly ended up in a panic, so terrifying was the sound effect. The theater shook, the patrons shook. And Hollywood is never in a kidding mood about tremblors.



MISTER CINDERELLA—(Roach-M-G-M)—It's laugh night at any theater when this slapstick comedy comes to town. The plot is not worth going into; funny situations offer enough excuse. Jack Haley's performance is his best to date. Betty Furness clicks nicely as the leading lady. You will find Arthur Treacher again delightful in the usual butler rôle. Raymond Walburn, Robert McWade and Edward Brophy are o. k.



Don't miss Jane Withers in *Pepper*. She teams up with Irvin Cobb and Slim Summerville. Good entertainment, and grand for the youngsters

SUZY—(M-G-M)—Developing a very involved love story among the men who went overseas, Suzy fails to convince its audience very thoroughly and makes some moments in the picture downright silly. Jean Harlow justifies the film, however, with her usual decorative qualities. Franchot Tone and Cary Grant are added attractions where the story fails in itself. Things begin to get involved when Jean, an entertainer, believing her husband (Franchot) to be dead, marries Grant, an ace. Then Franchot comes back to life, spies enter the picture, and a lot of other things happen that we shall not discuss here. If you are a Tone or Harlow fan, swallow a few grains of salt to protect yourself and buy a ticket towards the back of the theater.



HOLLYWOOD

Letter Contest

Win Charles Boyer's Phonograph!



Jerry and Dink are the names of these two Scotties, favorite pals of Charles Boyer. They're brothers

HOW would you like to own Charles Boyer's own portable phonograph? He offers it this month through **HOLLYWOOD** Magazine for the best letter submitted to the editor. In addition, **HOLLYWOOD** will trade you a dollar bill for every letter printed on its pages.

Boyer's phonograph is a beautiful instrument. You will be astonished to find such excellent tone quality on so compact and light weight machine. It will make a much treasured prize as well as afford countless hours of pleasure.

Here is how you can try for the various prizes: Write a letter to **HOLLYWOOD** Magazine on any subject related to the film industry. You must either use typewriter or pen and ink.

Perhaps you have a pet peeve you would like to get off your mind, or perhaps you have a bouquet for a picture. We want interesting, breezy letters from you on almost any subject. We want to hear who your favorite stars are, what you would like to read in **HOLLYWOOD** Magazine, why you like certain films, and dozens of other interesting things.

The important thing is to write an interesting letter legibly and neatly. The topic is up to you. Nearly everyone has something he would like to say about motion pictures, the stars, and related subjects. Sit down and write your letter now.

Charles Boyer has offered this prize as a means of stimulating your interest in pictures. Like the editors of this magazine, he would like to know how you feel about current films.

Boyer has just finished a very important assignment in *Garden of Allah*, a picture made in Technicolor. Playing opposite him is Marlene Dietrich in this desert romance story.

Soon he will go into production on a new Walter Wanger picture at his home studio. The first Wanger picture will be *History Is Made at Night*.

As soon as the film is completed, he will star in another picture with Sylvia Sydney for Mr. Wanger. This film will be *Wuthering Heights*, adapted from the famous novel. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur are doing the screen story.

Write your letter now to **HOLLYWOOD** Magazine, Dept. CB, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Be sure you have the address correctly written down. No correspondence over your contributions can be attempted. Your letter must be postmarked not later than September 10 in the United States, and a week earlier in foreign countries. **WRITE YOUR LETTER NOW!**

SEPTEMBER, 1936



June Lang

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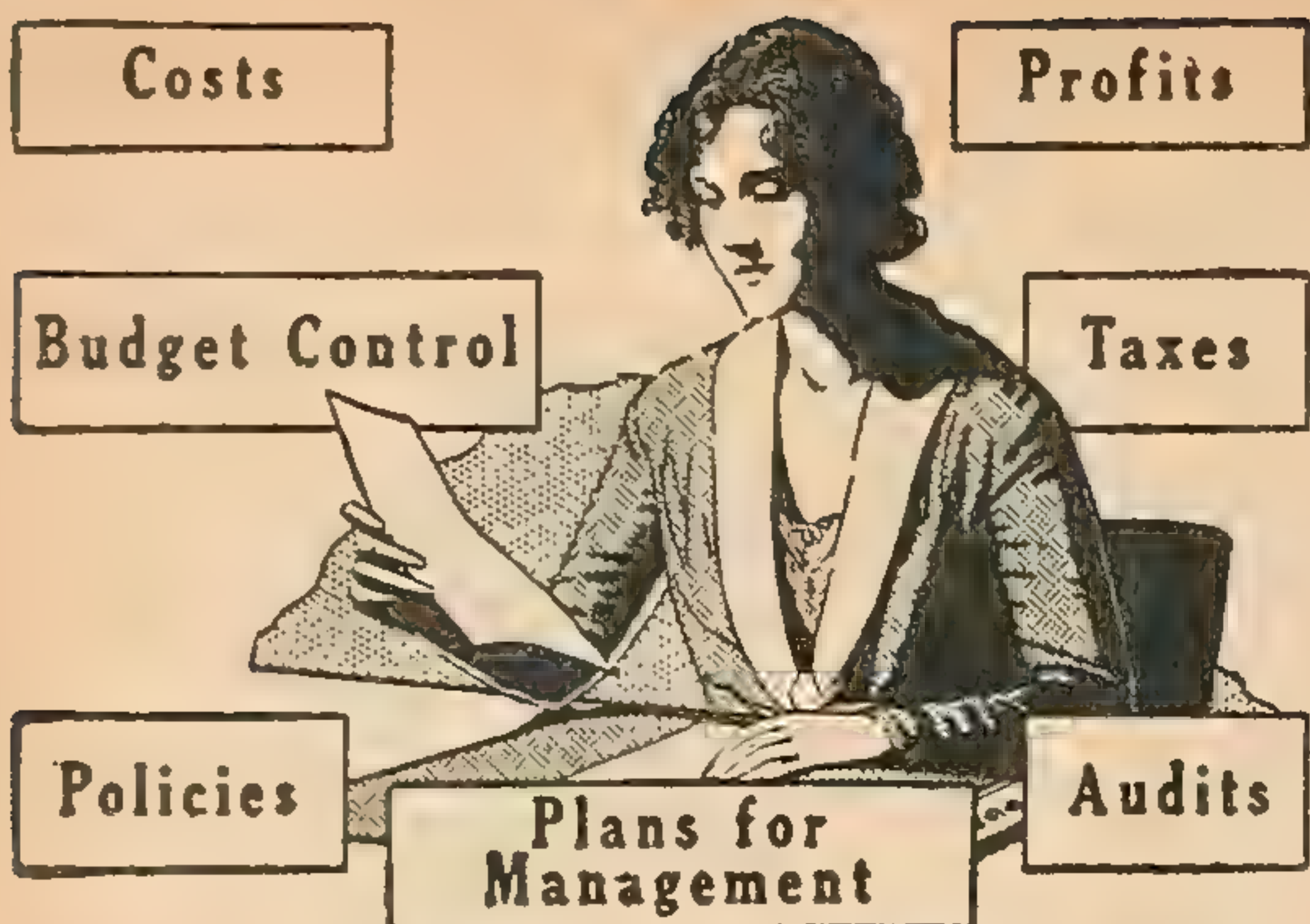
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Hollywood's Charm School

Autumn Styles for the Younger Stars

by

Sally Martin

Fashion Editor of HOLLYWOOD



Margo, dynamic Mexican star appearing in the Columbia production *Lost Horizon*, wears a smart red taffeta evening gown from Miss Hollywood, Jr. Made with puffed sleeves and flattering collar, the neckline features large red and blue velvet roses

CREATED SOLELY To express the vivacity dash and ingenuous charm of youth are the clothes labeled Miss Hollywood, Jr. designed by Jule Baum, prominent Hollywood stylist.

Jule is indeed Miss Hollywood, Jr.—the younger set of Hollywood incarnate. She is petite, dark and vivacious and the clothes she designs are really worn by the lovely Hollywood youngsters who are being groomed for stardom by the big studios.

It would be difficult to find anyone more suited to the work of creating youthful fashions. Jule has a theatrical background, hence all her creations, while always in exquisite taste, invariably have



Above—Margo prefers black velvet for the dinner date made on smart tailored lines. Below: For street wear Margo selects green and brown check two-piece dress with pleated peplum. Dresses Miss Hollywood, Jr., hats Molle-O of Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD

Fashions

a dash of drama difficult to find in any other styling and ever so flattering to the wearer.

"Too long have fashions been created with the older, more sophisticated woman, even the matron, in mind, and then merely whittled down in size for slender, youthful girls," says Jule. "This is all wrong—youth has a delicacy of contour, smooth flowing lines, a flare for gaiety that belongs to it alone. It is stealing some of youth's joy to foist matronly styles upon them." And so Miss Hollywood, Jr., was born.

Style is the Thing

● JULE BAUM Is A stylist more than a designer and passes upon every design that is put out by her large dress house. She doesn't do all of the designing for she feels that one designer creating an entire line of dresses is bound to be limited by personal preference and prejudices and thus the line is apt to be stilted and monotonous.

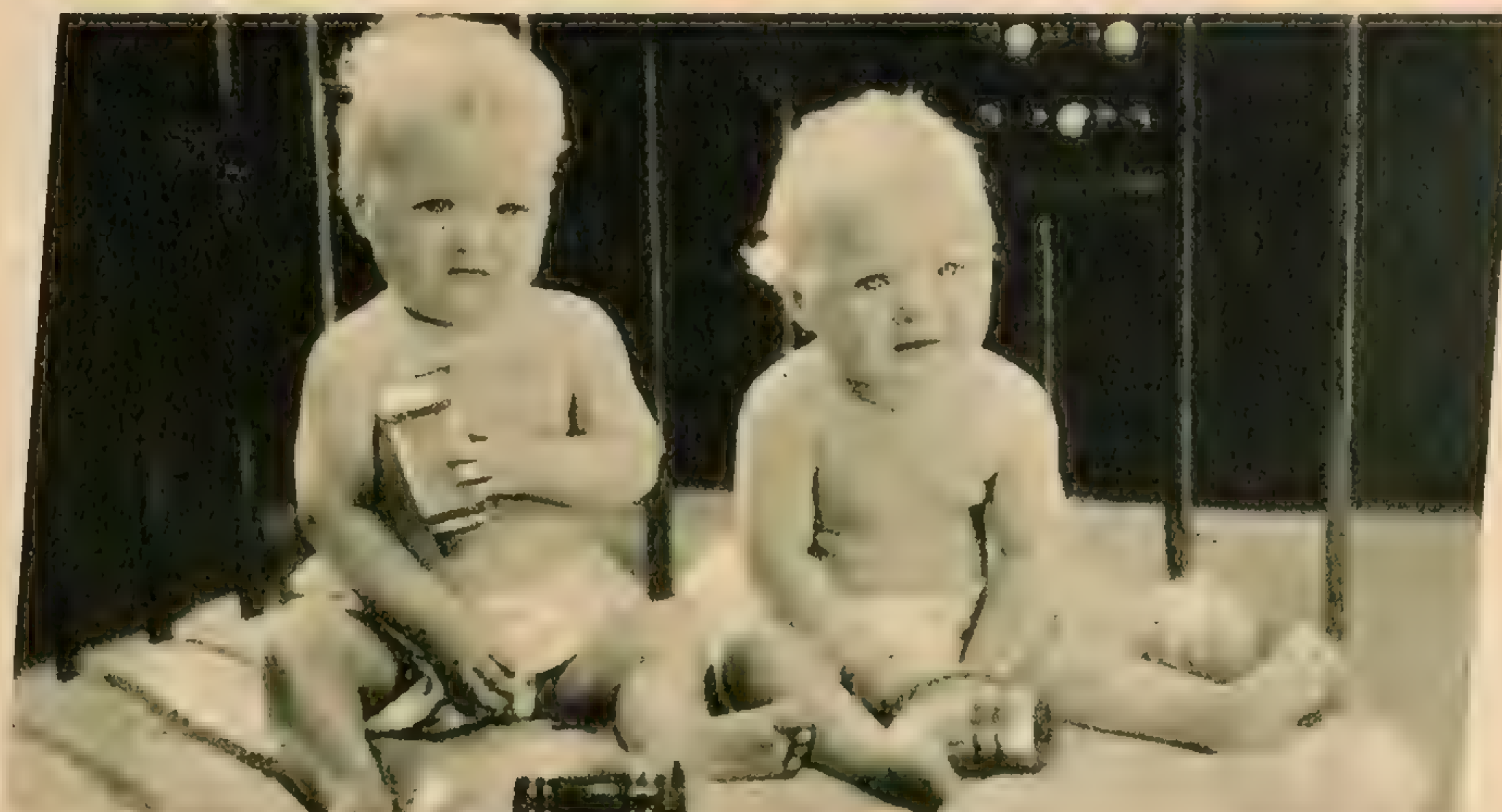
The style trend for Fall, according to this dress house, is distinctly Gibson girl for both daytime and evening wear with wide skirts and puffed sleeves. The tube-like skirt is passé. Every skirt has fullness and the circular skirt has already been accepted. Basque effects are good. Fabrics will be velvets and novelty crêpes.



An Oxford grey wool with fitted jacket and square shoulders is the choice of Anita Colby appearing in the RKO production *The Bride Walks Out*. Designed by Jule Baum, the ensemble features a flared skirt and crimson scarf with a metallic thread



● "Well—well! It looked like we were going to have a kind of hot, sticky morning—but see what brother's just found...a can of Johnson's Baby Powder! Goody!...I'll see if I can't swap my spoon for a sprinkle from his can!..."



● "Empty!... We might have known it—it was too good to be true! I was almost beginning to feel that lovely, silky powder sliding down my back, and all smooth and tickly under my chin. Just a dream—that's all."



● "Look—do you see what I see? Mother coming with the honest-to-goodness, full-up Johnson's can. She's shaking some powder into her hand—bet she likes the feel of it, too! Baby!...the darkest hour is just before the dawn!"



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Meet Your Newest Menace!



In *Prisoner of Shark Island* John Carradine emerged as potentially the biggest screen "menace" of the year

JOHN CARRADINE, the man who almost hounded Warner Baxter to his death in the *Prisoner of Shark Island*, is threatening, in a jocular sort of way, to tear up his contract with Darryl Zanuck, of Twentieth-Century Fox, if he is not allowed to keep a date. A date he made ten years ago. Zanuck may give in and allow Carradine to sail for England in August. Here's the story:

In Shreveport, Louisiana, four men were sitting on the steps of the local Y. M. C. A. One was Bill MacCormack, a soldier of fortune, and as John puts it, "a regular guy but with a price on his head in every country of South America."

Another was George Perkins, a geologist for one of John D.'s oil companies, a man who had earned his living in every country of the world. James Eric Devine was the third and is now engaged in the publishing business. The fourth member



In every day life John Carradine is anything but villainous in appearance. You'd probably call him handsome

of this strange engagement was John Carradine, the man whom astute Darryl Zanuck is grooming for stardom.

How It Came About

● SITTING THERE IN THAT small Southern town, far from any of their homes, John reminded his friends that in another week they would never see each other again unless . . . Bill MacCormack picked up a copy of the *New York Times*. Right smack on the front page was a picture of four famous gentlemen in tails and topers. Very distinguished they looked and behind them was the famous Nelson monument, one of London's most beautiful statues.

"That's it," John cried. "No matter where we are, or what we're doing then, we'll meet again in ten years. Ten years from today we'll have a re-union at the Nelson monument in London." They are to meet at the north-east lion at twelve noon on August 28, 1936.

But Mr. Zanuck doesn't know. When Irving Thalberg wanted to borrow John



You'll see him menacing again in *White Fang*. This time he is more melodramatic because they asked him to be that way

for one picture at a very generous salary to Fox, the little Napoleon of Twentieth Century turned him down. Will he do the same to Carradine who is determined to keep a youthful promise?

Hired to Wash Dishes

● THE STORY OF John Carradine's success is vivid with courage, persistence and brains. Three years ago Carradine was washing dishes in a Hollywood Boulevard cafeteria. Today, after one crack performance in *Shark Island*, he looms as America's answer to Charles Laughton. Since then he has made *White Fang* in which he plays the villain, Beauty Smith; *Mary of Scotland*, with Katharine Hepburn, in which he has been given his first sympathetic rôle; *The Garden of Allah*, with Charles Boyer and Marlene Dietrich; *The Bowery Princess*, with Shirley Temple, and *Ramona*, with Loretta Young and Don Ameche. At the moment of writing none of the latter has as yet been released.

When Marlene Dietrich worked with him in *Garden of Allah*, she wanted to meet "that young man who does not act

HOLLYWOOD

his parts but is them, does not fake anything but lives the man he plays." But La Dietrich is not alone in her curiosity. Hundreds of fan letters after *Shark Island* proved that.

John's life would keep a slew of novelists busy for the next three years. Remember the stories of the boy who arrived in the big city with the original nickel and went on to fame and fortune? That's John, only he didn't have the nickel.

Yet all his poverty could not relax John's determination or his will to win. The friendship of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and John Barrymore did more perhaps to keep his spirits bright than the occasional dinners they asked him to. One night at a broadcast, Doug, Jr., was being swamped by autograph seekers. Young Carradine got tired of waiting for him to finish. Borrowing a pencil and book from a studio employee he approached Mr. Fairbanks, Jr., and quickly scribbled his signature. "Mr. Fairbanks, would you please accept my autograph?" Needless to say, Fairbanks, Jr., left . . . and pronto.

Greenwich Village and Politics

● JOHN WAS BORN in New York's Greenwich Village, February 6, 1906. His father was a well-known press correspondent, his mother a convent girl who later entered medicine.

His first public appearance was a professional spellbinder, rousing the rabble in the name of the Republican Party. Years later he was to play the radical agitator in *Les Miserables*. He then worked as an insurance clerk, a farm hand, and a personality hitch-hiker. In 1927 he landed in Hollywood.

Cecil B. DeMille was interested in the young artist's designs for movie sets. He told him to hang around, arranged appointments for him with this studio official and that, but John began to realize that he needed to know a lot more about scenic design than he did. What he really wanted to do was act. It's our good fortune that he made his decision then and stuck to it. He set his goal at stardom and today he is close to realizing it.

Years on the Stage

● THEN FOLLOWED YEARS in Shakespeare with R. D. MacLean, Francis X. Bushman and Sarah Padden among others. His determination was enormous. When he could not get stage work he took anything, clerking, bookkeeping, washing dishes to raise enough money to start his own Shakespearian company.

In 1930, a friend of his, Director John Blystone, sent for him. He wanted him to play a character part in *Tol'able David*, starring Richard Cromwell. John played the half-wit brother and to such laudatory reviews that "Hollywood had me typed to play nothing but half-wits from then on."

In 1934, John was discovered by Darryl Zanuck and readied for important things.

The fall of 1935 found enough money in the bank for John to begin thinking of getting married. As usual he knew what he wanted and traveled a good many miles to Denver, Colorado, to propose. The lady, Ardanelle McCool, an extremely attractive strawberry blonde, accepted. They have one son, aged three, Mrs. Carradine's by a former marriage, whom John recently adopted as his own.

When we saw him the other day he told us a secret. "Sometime in November, I'm going to play my greatest rôle. I'm going to be a father."

We wish him luck in this, the most universal part he will ever play.

SEPTEMBER, 1936

You can't get away with it!

In Business

"She looks bright and acts bright—why on earth doesn't she get wise to herself? I'm certainly not going to stand for *this*. It's either Mum for her or a new secretary for me."



In Love

"She isn't the girl I thought she was. She could be so swell, too, if it weren't for this. Wonder why somebody doesn't tell her, or give her some Mum or something. Well, I can't be bothered."

EMPLOYERS and men in love are alike in this — they refuse to bother with a girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor.

The up-to-date girl knows the quick, easy answer to this problem. The daily Mum habit!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. Then you're safe all day long.

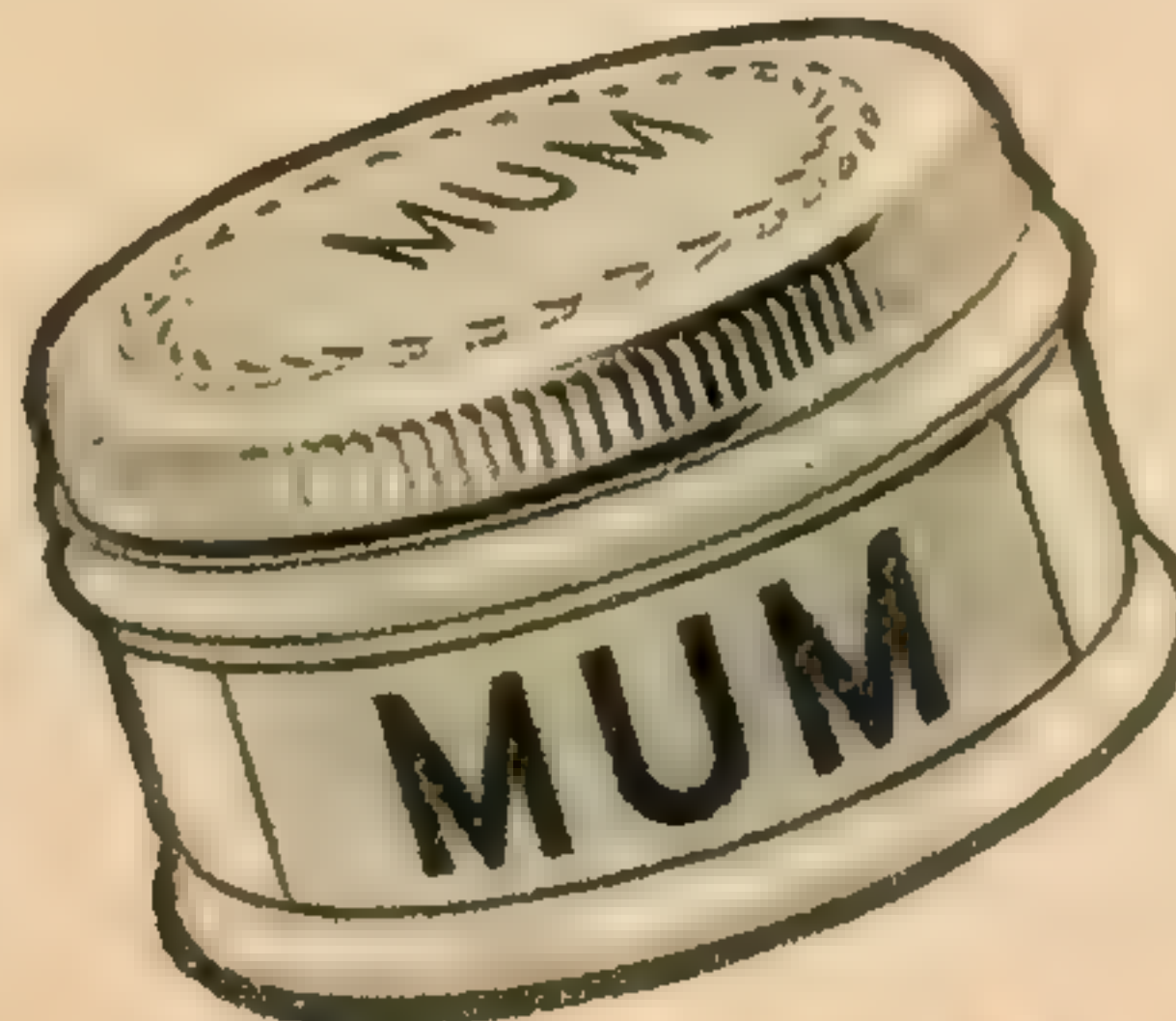
Use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed*. For it's harmless to clothing.

And it's so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

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Remember — nothing so quickly kills a man's interest in a girl as ugly perspiration odor. Don't risk it — use Mum regularly, every day! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

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The Charge of the Light Brigade

(Continued from page twenty-seven)

heights and angles. Under a small knoll, in the center of the field, another pit would contain cameras which would record the charge head-on and grind as the thundering hooves passed over them. Still other cameras were placed in strategic stops on the slopes. The grim, black muzzles of the Russian cannon stood forth from the front and from both sides, on the slopes. Director Mike Curtiz, who also directed *Captain Blood*, stood with his staff in a huddled, excited group, checking on the last details, before the charge.

Flynn Tells the Story

“It's REALLY A GREAT STORY,” Errol Flynn had told us early that morning. “Pat Knowles and myself are officers in the *Twenty-Seventh Lancers*, on duty in India. Olivia de Havilland plays the rôle of *Elsa Campbell*, daughter of our Colonel and my fiancée. We are stationed at *Chukoti*, a garrison post near the Khyber Pass, and over the border a native *Kahn*, played by C. Henry Gordon as *Surat Kahn*, gives us plenty of trouble.

“I am detailed to Arabia with a company, to purchase 3,000 horses for use in the Crimean War and drive them back. After many adventures I accomplish this and upon my return find my brother and my fiancée in love with each other. They try to conceal it from me and she will still marry me, out of a sense of duty. I go to try and calm down *Surat Kahn* after the government cuts off his allowance and on a leopard hunt, I save his life.”

“While most of the troops are away from the post, *Surat Kahn* lays siege to it. He promises mercy if the defenders will surrender. But when they do, he massacres every man, woman and child, Sepoy and English; but Miss de Havilland and I escape. *Surat Kahn* goes to join the Russians and I vow vengeance on his head. Later, we are sent to the Crimea and the famous charge takes place.

“I do kill *Surat Kahn* but am myself killed, as I wanted to be. I prefer death to making two I love unhappy. Knowles, of course, gets the girl. Not bad, what?”

Ready for the Charge

● BUT THE CHARGE is ready to start. Curtiz raises his hand and the *Lancers*, the *Huzzars*, the *Dragoons* who form the *Light Brigade*, get into motion. Faster and still faster, they thunder down the valley, bent on vengeance! Against overwhelming odds, they ride to almost certain death. But orders are orders and...

Theirs is not to make reply,
Theirs is not to reason why,
Theirs is but to do and die.
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred!

It is a glorious sight! The gay colored pennons on their lances whip in the wind. The horses are now exerting themselves to their utmost speed! The thunder of hoof beats rumbled in our ears. The cameras are turning! The “dolly” picks up the charge and keeps pace with it! The Russian cannon open fire!

Geysers of smoke, rocks, dirt and flame spout up among the ranks. Men and horses go down, tangled in agonizing masses. Horses, crazed with fear, rear and plunge madly but still the guns

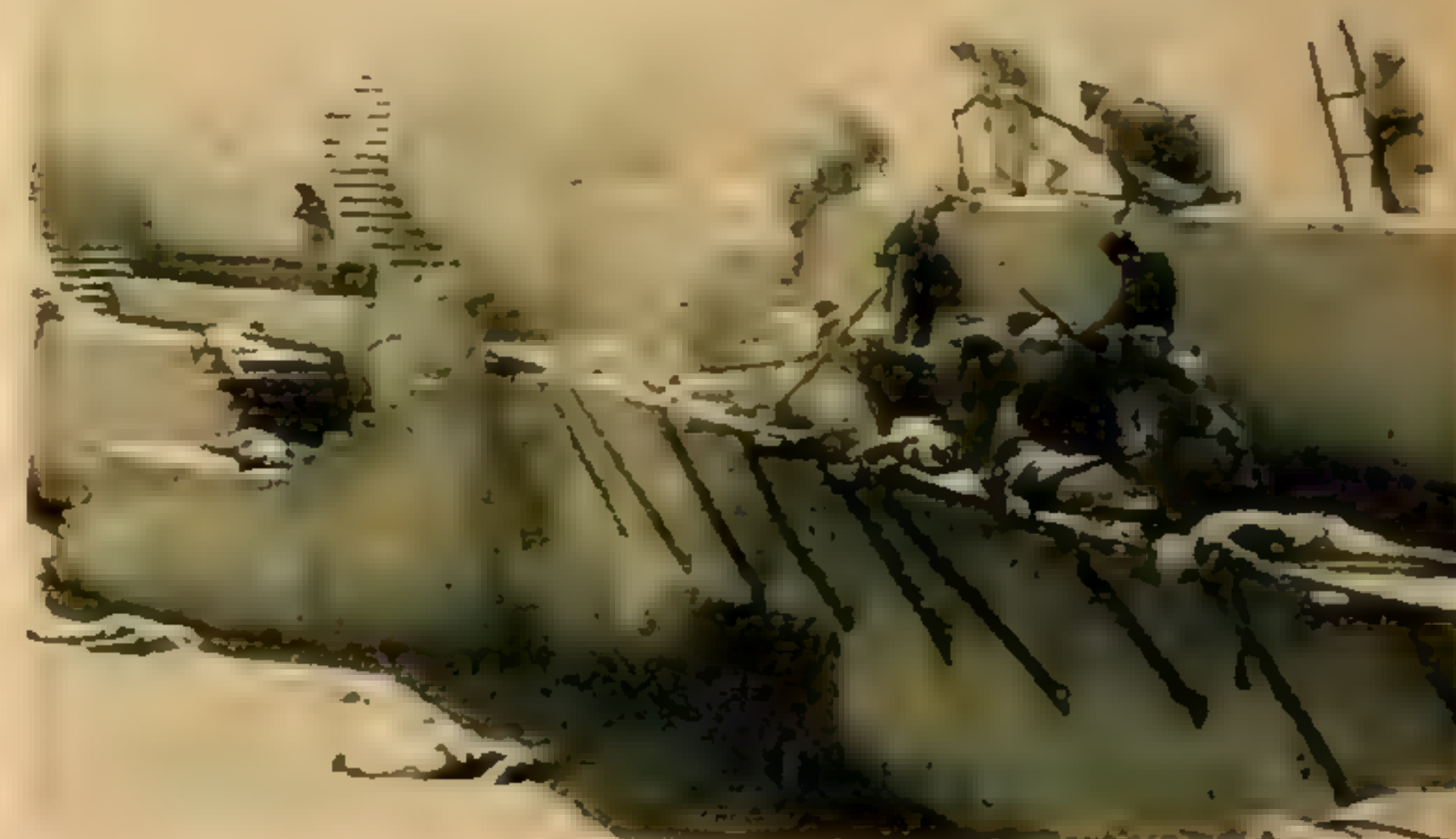
[Continued on page 50]



Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn again form the romantic team in *The Light Brigade*



Horse thieves launch an attack on the Light Brigade, ripping down out of their hillside trap!



More dramatic moments! Raiders capture the barracks after wild slaughtering of its defenders



Noble six hundred! The full spirit of Tennyson's poem is reflected in this Warner Brothers' film

HOLLYWOOD



EDWARD ARNOLD

HE WAS BORN IN New York City . . . but spent his early youth in Germany with his parents . . . who returned to the United States when he was seven . . . His adolescent years were fraught with tragedy . . . for his father died when he was eleven . . . his mother when he was fifteen . . . and his formal schooling ended with his father's death . . . when the youngster helped to support his family . . . by working as a newsboy, a bell-hop, a janitor's assistant and a jeweler's apprentice.

Truant officers were the bane of his boyish existence . . . for they jerked him from jobs that paid little . . . to school desks which offered much . . . But young Arnold couldn't get the education he wanted . . . not when each dollar he earned was of such tremendous importance . . . to the hungry mouths at home . . . But Arnold is making up for it now . . . by frankly spoiling his three youngsters . . . and giving them everything he didn't have . . . when he was young!

Arnold became an actor by accident . . . he spent what few leisure hours he had . . . in an East Side settlement house . . . where he became interested in amateur theatricals . . . He displayed unexpected histrionic talents . . . which later led to a professional career . . . on the stage and in early silent pictures . . . not always were there parts waiting, however . . . and there were times when he sold insurance . . . and was a traveling salesman . . . for a wholesale grocery firm!

His return to the screen took place four years ago . . . when he was "discovered" by Hollywood producers . . . while playing in a Pacific coast company of *Whistling in the Dark* . . . He played several unimportant parts . . . but made his first big impression upon audiences . . . in the rôle of Joan Crawford's drunken husband . . . in *Sadie McKee* . . . After that outstanding performance . . . it was just a matter of months . . . until he became a star in his own right . . . which he has remained ever since . . . proving that scene-stealing . . . is one form of larceny . . . which pays heavy dividends.

Best of all Arnold likes such rôles as he played . . . in *Diamond Jim* and *Meet Nero Wolfe*, his new Columbia picture.

MARGARET HEHN, of Chicago, a lovely winner of the first "Search for Talent"

WANTED!

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Enter **HOLD-BOB'S SEARCH** for **TALENT**.

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THIS is your opportunity to win fame and fortune. The second "Search for Talent", sponsored by HOLD-BOB bob pins, Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines, is giving every girl her big chance! Imagine the thrill of your going to Hollywood to actually take part in a motion picture . . . to be in the "inner circle" of Hollywood . . . this thrill and many more await the final winners!!

You may enter the "Search for Talent" as many times as you like until the closing date, December 31, 1936.



FRANCES NALLE—Dallas winner, chats with Joel McCrea on the set in Hollywood.

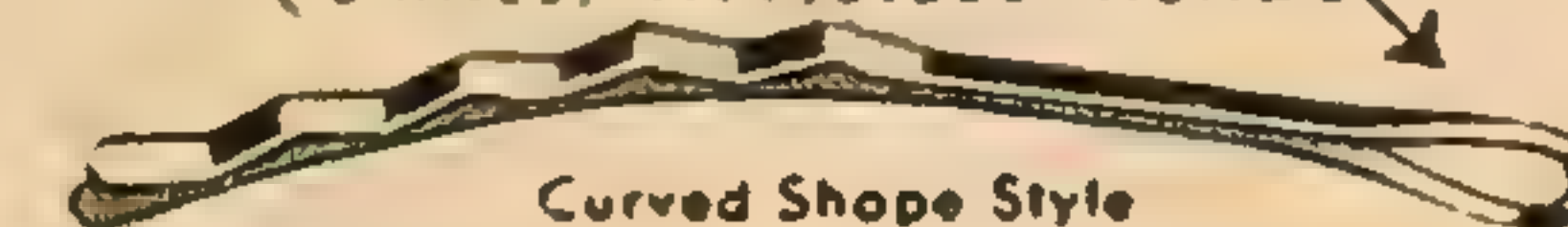
Complete rules for entering are printed right on the back of all HOLD-BOB cards. You'll be ahead, any way you look at it—for HOLD-BOBS not only bring you an entry blank but a card full of the finest bob pins ever made—the bob pins that are used by almost all Hollywood stars. Look them over carefully. Notice their many exclusive features: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs—one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair. Let HOLD-BOBS keep your hairdress smooth, smart and lovely.

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Frontier Asthma Co., 251-A Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

My Daughter, Jeanette MacDonald

(Continued from page twenty-eight)

"But I won't be among strangers—I'll be with Blossom."

She couldn't give up school at fourteen.

"But I won't have to give up school. I can go in New York. Mr. Weyburn will make arrangements with the principal so that I can be excused for a matinee on Wednesday."

Her music—she must not sacrifice that either.

"Oh no, indeed! There is a piano backstage and I can practice there just the same as if I were right at home."

A Career at Fourteen

● NO MATTER WHAT objection I raised, she had it over-ruled. I asked her father and, like most fathers where girls are concerned, he left the matter up to me. I didn't want to be a foolish mother and stand in her way—maybe this *was* an opportunity—surely she must have something or she would not have been offered a chance when so many girls were begging for one.

I finally let her go. She kept her word about school and her music lessons. From that time on her rise has been gradual but sure. She studied hard and worked hard and she still does. Every day she is not working, she takes a voice lesson—and sometimes when she is working if she can steal an hour from the set.

She studies piano also—not that she ever expects to make professional use of the knowledge, but because she enjoys it.

Jeanette had played in *Yes, Yes Yvette*. It was purchased as a talking vehicle for Richard Dix, to be screened under the title of *Nothing But the Truth*. Jeanette was tested for the feminine lead but her manager would not permit her to accept film work. She was disappointed but resorted to the old form of courage—*everything happens for the best*—and in this case, it did.



In *Rose Marie*, currently being shown everywhere, Jeanette plays the rôle of an opera singer in love with a Mountie. This is a scene from her *Romeo and Juliet* number

She Enters Films

● THE ROLE OPPOSITE Mr. Dix did not amount to very much. It was a straight part and would not have permitted Jeanette to use her talent as a singer. Six months later when Mr. Lubitsch was looking for a girl to play opposite Maurice Chevalier in *The Love Parade*, he looked at that old test and sent for Jeanette.

That was in 1929—since that time she has been working in pictures steadily except for a concert tour through Europe.

Jeanette has always been a very busy person. She seldom takes time to rest or to thoroughly enjoy the profits of her success. She is forever trying to perfect something, or to learn something new. She does enjoy her swimming pool. She also enjoys tennis but doesn't play as much as she would like simply because she never had time to perfect her game and she isn't the sort to do anything unless she can do it well.



This strange dog is a Bedlington Terrier named *Piper*, brought to Jeanette MacDonald by Robert Ritchie, her business manager. Romance rumors about them are all in error. The real lad is Gene Raymond

Dramatic Hands . . .

(Continued from page thirty-four)

● AS MERLE SIPPED her tea, I took note of her smooth oval nails, the perfection of their polish.

Answering my question, she said, "When I was playing exotic rôles on the screen, I wore my nails long and pointed and used a more brilliant polish. Now, since my whole screen personality has been changed, I match my nails to the more conservative, natural type of girl which I portray. They are filed to an oval, of medium length, and I leave the tips of my nails untinted, being careful that there is a bit of nailwhite under each so that there is no danger of their appearing grimy even during the most strenuous day.

"I prefer a light polish for daytime wear, something that is natural in appearance and which blends with almost any color frock. As I like to wear all white or all black in the evening, I choose my nailpolish to complement my gown for evening wear, in a shade that is gay and lustrous.

"Sports wear, especially when the skin is tanned, calls for a russet or neutral shade of polish. Occasionally, when I play tennis or go for a swim, I simply buff my nails with a dry cake polish to bring out the natural sheen.

"Changing polish as often as I do," Merle continued, "I am particularly careful to use an oily polish remover so that the nails will remain smooth and the cuticle soft and pliable. The nails should be oiled, as well as the skin, and I find it beneficial to rub cuticle oil into the base and around the edges of my nails. A good cuticle oil can be applied even over polish without harming the manicure."

Hands—and Drama

● I ASKED MISS OBERON then about the use of her hands on the screen.

"Graceful movements of the hands are important of course but I should say the best policy is to use the hands as little as possible. Hands should be unobtrusive and used only to reflect a mood or emphasize an occasional conversational point. Hands that are constantly fluttering aimlessly about, detract rather than add to a characterization as by movement they draw attention to themselves and away from the face or voice.

"It is my opinion, too, that jewels should be worn on the hands only after dark. My favorite ring is a star sapphire which I wear most frequently. I do like bracelets of simple design for daytime wear and I have one of which I am especially fond. It is a fine chain hung with tiny charms given to me by my friends.

"As I am using my hands constantly, they must have constant care. There is always swimming, ping pong, or golf and," she concluded with a smile, "always my dogs to pet."

But there was one more question I wanted to ask of this glamorous star so that I could give her answer to my readers. "What do you consider the greatest aid to beauty in the routine which you follow every day?"

She answered with no hesitation, "An hour's sleep after lunch—flat on my back without a pillow. This relaxation, which I consider imperative, smooths out all the tired lines in my face and gives me an amazing amount of energy the rest of the day and evening."

[Continued on page 65]

No girl can be too sure of her daintiness to make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If the slightest dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, it will cling to the fabric, and the warmth of your body will bring out an embarrassing "armhole odor" each time you wear the dress . . .

IF you have been taking your daintiness for granted, because you deodorize regularly, you will be wise to make this simple "armhole odor" test. You may be unpleasantly surprised!

When you take off your dress tonight, smell it at the armhole. If you have ever perspired in that dress, even slightly, you will find that the fabric at the armhole bears an unmistakable and unlovely odor . . . in spite of your careful deodorizing! The way that dress smells to *you*—is the way *you* smell to others! And the warmth of your body brings out the offending "armhole odor" each time you put on the dress!

Complete protection only in underarm dryness

It is not enough to keep your underarm sweet. Only a *dry* underarm can keep you and your *clothes* safe from perspiration. When there is any moisture at all, it is bound to dry on the armhole of your dress and rob you of that perfect exquisiteness that is your goal.

Thousands of users discover with relief and delight that Liquid Odorono



gives *complete* protection from "armhole odor," because it definitely keeps the underarm not only sweet but perfectly *dry*.

Your doctor will tell you that Odorono works safely and gently. It merely closes the pores of the small underarm area, so that perspiration is diverted to other less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely without giving offense.

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Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

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412 Orleans St., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 25c (coin or stamps) for generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.

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The Charge of the Light Brigade

(Continued from page forty-six)

thunder and still the gallant six hundred ride on. There are, in reality, only 375 men in the charge. Six hundred riders, sufficiently daring, skillful and bold, cannot be found to make such a dangerous ride. Ambulances and white-coated surgeons stand ready but they dare not drive into the scene! A man, evidently badly hurt, staggers to his feet but is knocked down again by a plunging horse! Riderless horses, fear crazed, gallop on with the rest! They draw near the guns.

Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon in front of them—
Volley and thunder!
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they ride, and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
Ride the six hundred!

Their ranks have thinned but the word is still, "Forward!" They are riding down on the guns. Look!

Flash all their sabres bare,
Flash, as they turn in the air,
Sabre'ng the gunners there,
Charging an army!
While all the world wonders!

They reach the guns and wheel to the right! The real *melée*, the hand-to-hand conflict, will be filmed later, at closer range. The Six Hundred, or what is left of them, are in retreat! They are now almost hidden in the drifting, acrid cannon smoke.

Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke.
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back again—
But not the six hundred.

The Russian cannon still thunder as the survivors ride back up the Valley of Death. Dummy dead men and horses have been strewn over the ground, before the charge, by "prop" men. Horse hides, stuffed with straw and sawdust, mounted with wooden hoofs, are the dead horses.

Retreat is Filmed

● **DUMMIES IN UNIFORMS**, British and Russian, are the dead men that clutter up every motion picture battlefield. Back ride the troopers while the Russian cannon cut more of them down.

Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volley and thunder!
Stormed at with shot and shell
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back through the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them—
Left of six hundred!

The cameras stop turning. "Prop" men catch the "empty" horses as Curtiz terms those which are riderless. They take trucks out on the battlefield, to re-arrange the dead men and horses. We are all amazed to see a "prop" man grasp a dead horse by the legs and toss it easily into a truck, for over yonder six men are struggling to lift another. We learn that some are stuffed with straw, some with sawdust.

Men rest and smoke, and gather in small, excited groups. Ambulance sur-

geons patch up cuts, bruises, abrasions. Two men have been badly hurt and an ambulance siren shrills as they are taken to the hospital tent. No child's play, a scene as vivid and realistic as this. But it is not over, for Curtiz will drain the last final drop of drama and color from this great climax to his picture.

Twice more the men ride in the charge until men and horses are ready to drop. The men are dirty, their uniforms torn, their faces blackened by powder smoke. We are told something of what has happened during the making of the film, between "shots."

Several Locations Needed

● **"LOCATIONS"** FOR ARABIA had been found near Lone Pine, California, at the base of Mt. Whitney. All the Indian scenes had been made in Sherwood Forest and the huge garrison barracks, four city blocks square, had been erected at *Lasky Mesa*, on the Warner ranch. A jungle had been devised at Lake Sherwood for the leopard hunt and on three studio sound stages, a great ballroom, the interior of the barracks and the ornate palace of *Surat Kahn* had been built. On the back lot a portion of the Indian city of Delhi had been erected.

"The Lone Pine location," Flynn told us, "was to have represented the Arabian desert but a snow storm hit us and the weather turned bitter cold. The 175 men were equipped only with light, cotton desert uniforms and almost froze. At one o'clock one cold morning, a fire broke out across the street from our hotel. We rushed to the windows to watch it and saw a truck load of dynamite standing near the blaze with burning embers dropping into it. We left without checking out! Curtiz kept telling us all to keep cool—but he was wearing silk pajamas and riding boots!"

During the leopard hunt, from the backs of elephants, the leopard hired from a local zoo, "went Hollywood" on them. It wanted to play, instead of acting the part of a ferocious jungle beast. One of the elephants decided upon a good roll and almost crushed Flynn, Gordon, Nevin and Knowles. A new leopard, a new elephant and a new *howdah* had to be found, before the scene could be made.

"And Mr. Flynn, the brute," dimpled Miss de Havilland, "tried to murder me when he saved me from a brutish native. He slashed at the man with his sword but it slipped and cut my face."

But the entire company have taken hardships and danger in good humor. Predictions are that Patric Knowles will be a star, once the film is released. Merle Oberon was a frequent visitor on "location," come to see her fiancé, David Niven.

A great cast, a great story and a million dollars thrown into production excellence, *The Charge of the Light Brigade* should be a picture to remember. But there is one thing left for us to do, before we leave, and that is to pay a last tribute to the men of the original Six Hundred and those who risked their lives to give us a picture thrill. And so let's allow Tennyson to do it. Hats off! Salute!

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made;
Honor the Light Brigade—
Noble six hundred!

HOLLYWOOD

Hollywood Youngstars

(Continued from page thirty-six)

She later confessed that it was all a hoax brought on because a newspaper woman noticed the ring she was wearing . . . and finally when her story got so complicated that she could lie no more Rochelle just had to part with her imaginary fiancé to stop the flow of questions.

Even as *You and I* . . . screen favorites continue to have idiosyncrasies . . . Robert Cummings (Eleanore Whitney's dancing partner in many films) . . . likes to tell anyone who will listen, that he doesn't know how to dance . . . Ann Doran will not go to bed without first donning a bit of red (some poetry!!) . . . Margaret Sullavan can't believe that people actually like her in pictures and will argue with you for an hour when you tell her you do . . . James Stewart's favorite pastime is playing an accordion and when he's out dancing he can't resist spending the majority of the evening watching the accordion player.

PICK-UPS . . . Lew Ayres has bought a new pipe organ for his home and is now busy pushing the pedals trying to learn how to play it . . . Hollywoodites have adopted a new fad . . . that of nicknaming their friends . . . it seems the more uncomplimentary they are, the better . . . I wish we could print some of them . . . Maurice Murphey has gone East to appear in a stock company presentation of *Russel Mantle* in the rôle that John Beal first created . . . John Howard's habit of smoking a pipe is becoming more and more expensive . . . because he's always going some place and leaving his pipe and failing to remember where he left it . . . consequently, John must buy another . . . and another . . . Jimmy Ellison collects old records for his phonograph . . . the more ancient they are, the oftener he plays them . . . Betty Furness goes to the Trocadero dancing nearly every time she has a date . . . she explains it by saying it's the only place she knows to go . . . and besides she feels at home there . . . probably the Trocadero ads should read, "All the comforts of home."

Riddle Me This . . . What up and coming leading man has the worst mother trouble this town has witnessed in a long time . . . He seldom goes any place without her . . . and when he does, he reports home at hour intervals??

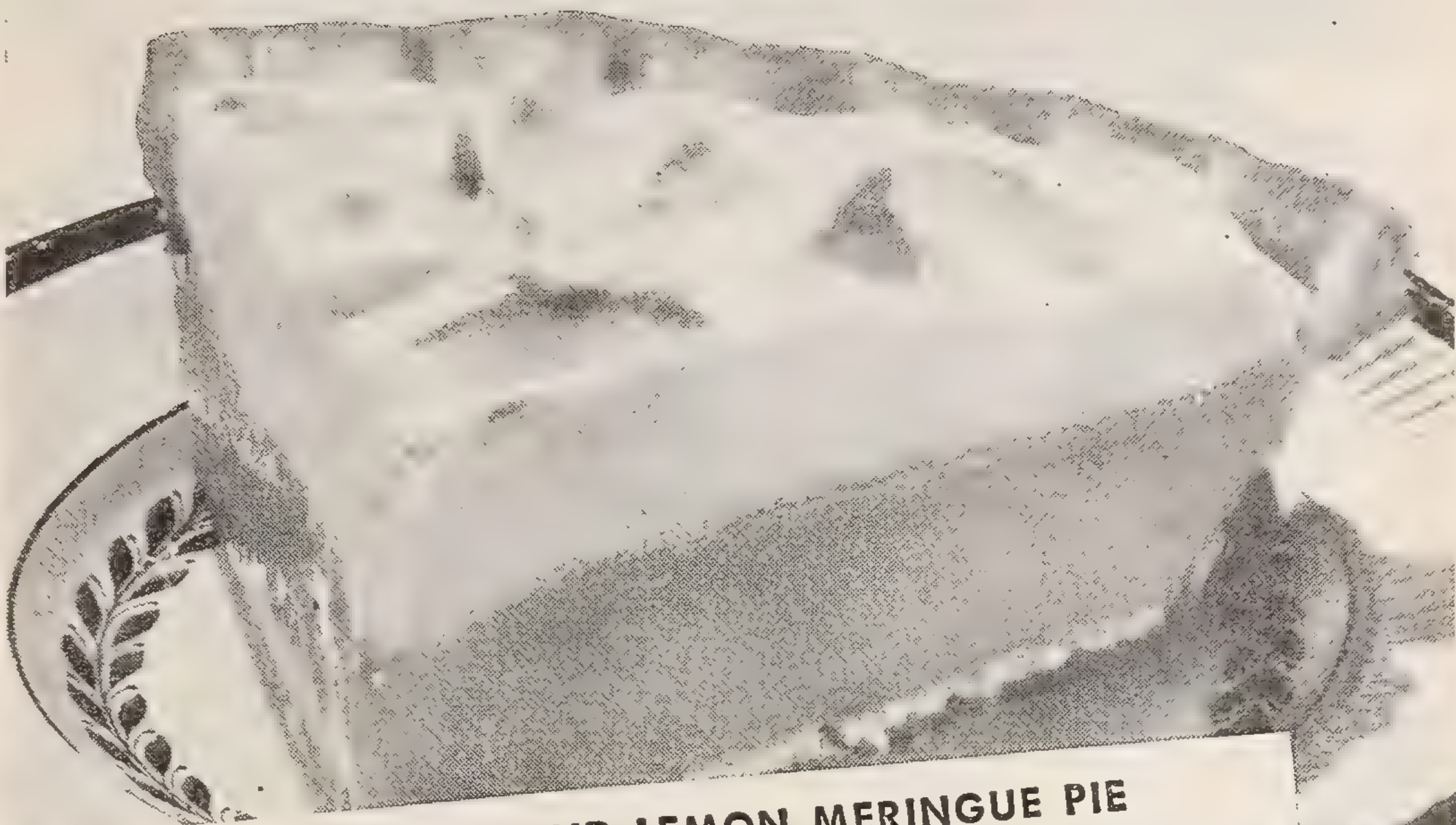
What young dancing star—not Ginger Rogers or Eleanor Powell—made a great many enemies for herself during a personal appearance by making uncalled for remarks at the audience . . . causing them to hiss and boo?

CUPID DARTS . . . Paula Stone and Dennis Moore are darting about . . . Anne Shirley thinks that Owen Davis, Jr., is the tops and he returns the compliment . . . I wonder if Robert Taylor's carrying Barbara Stanwyck "piggie-back" all around the M-G-M lot is their unique way of announcing to the world that they are really in love? . . . Arthur Lake and Mable Draper are a romantic couple . . . The Movie City's sleuths would never have suspected that Jackie Cooper and Judy Garland were "that way" if it hadn't of been for their giggling and whispering as well as under the table hand-holding at a cozy table for "two" while they enjoyed their afternoon tea.

SEPTEMBER, 1936

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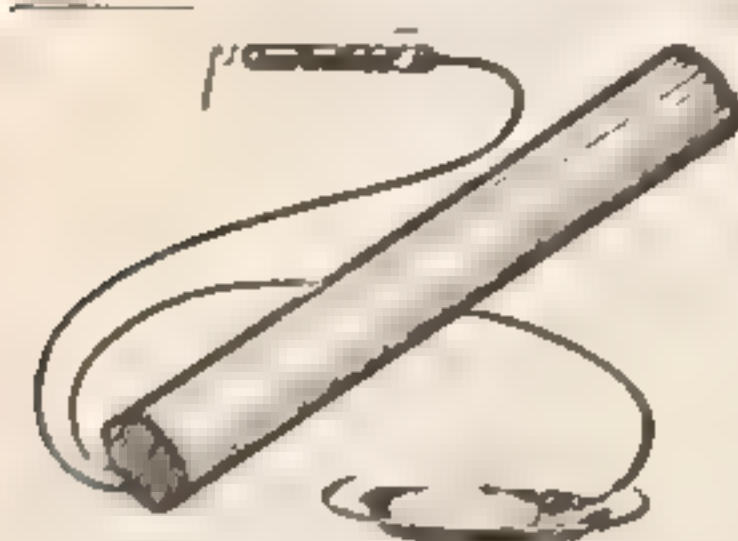
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The Threat Hanging Over Ann Harding!

(Continued from page twenty-four)

More Court Troubles Ahead

● ANN HARDING Is a mother, with a mother's natural love for her only child. What constant agony she must endure when every hour of the day or night some legal quirk or ruling may take that beloved child from her! What peace of mind, what happiness can she ever know until that threat is forever removed?

The attempt to prevent her from taking the child with her to England, where she has gone to make a picture, was not Bannister's last move in this game. Even now there is filed in the courts of Nevada a motion to set aside the order giving her absolute custody of Jane, claiming that Bannister did not receive legal notice of her intention to ask for sole custody.

"At the time Miss Harding met Mr. Bannister," a close friend of hers recently revealed, "she was melancholy and blue. A great disappointment had recently come to her. He was a man of the world, handsome, dapper, gay, and with the ability to take her out of herself. He made her forget. Their courtship lasted six months but less than a month after the marriage Ann knew that they were badly mismatched and that she had made a mistake. For the sake of the child which was coming she tried, by every device a woman can, to make her marriage a success, but it was no use."

On March 22, 1932, Miss Harding paid Mr. Bannister the sum of over \$100,000 as a divorce settlement. She had gone to Nevada and on May 7 of the same year the Nevada courts granted her a divorce, giving her custody of the child, Jane.

The agreement was that Jane was to spend ten months of every year with her mother and two with her father. That seemed to be the end of the marriage between Ann Harding and Harry Bannister but it was only the beginning of Ann Harding's travail. It was only the start of the menacing cloud which has hung over her ever since.

Draw Your Own Conclusions

● THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE carried many stories of the efforts of Harry Bannister to wrest the child from Ann Harding's mother arms, and of the brave fight she has put up to keep the child she loves. It is not the purpose of this article to throw mud at the character or reputation or even the intentions of Harry Bannister. Its purpose is to point out facts, most of them a matter of court record, which have a direct bearing on his pursuit of Ann Harding. The reader may draw his own conclusions.

In June, 1932, a nurse accompanied Jane on what was to have been a ten-day visit to her father in his beach home at Malibu. The nurse did not feel that the environment which the house afforded was such as a growing and impressionable child should have and returned her to Miss Harding's home before the expiration of the allotted ten days.

She said nothing to Miss Harding at that time of her reasons for an earlier return. During the next three years, Mr. Bannister saw his child on but three occasions, each time at the home of his former wife. A greater part of this period he spent away from Hollywood; and on one visit he did not even get in touch with either Miss Harding or Jane.

"It was in the late summer or fall," said Mr. Woolley, "that Miss Harding received letters and a wire demanding additional money and a rearrangement with regard to the child. He threatened to publicly scandalize her by certain revelations in his possession, if she failed to comply. Miss Harding turned these letters and wire over to her attorney.

"At this time the nurse who had been in charge of the child at the Malibu house, went to Miss Harding and stated her reasons for feeling that it was the wrong environment for Jane. Miss Harding was advised to return to Nevada and there ask the court to amend the original decree and give her sole custody of the child. She went, and when the nurse testified to the wild parties, the drinking and other detrimental facts about her visit with Jane in the Malibu home, the court gave Miss Harding full custody. All this is a matter of court record."

Ann Remains Silent

● BECAUSE SHE HAD been advised not to answer Mr. Bannister's charge that he would reveal unsavory episodes out of her past, Miss Harding had suffered much unpleasant publicity. On the tenth of July she dismissed her former attorneys and employed Mr. Woolley who advised her to face the issue squarely, since she had nothing to conceal. She gave her testimony and Mr. Woolley amended the proceedings and filed cross-complaint, alleging that Bannister was unfit and improper and making three issues of the case, the welfare of the child, Miss Harding's fitness to remain her custodian as against that of Mr. Bannister. In New York on September 5, Mr. Bannister gave his deposition. He stated, under oath, that he was making his charges only on hearsay; that she had never done anything, to his knowledge, that was improper, nor had she denied him the right to visit the child, and had always been courteous to him.

At the time of the trial, on October 24, 1935, Bannister's lawyers asked permission to abandon all charges against Miss Harding. It was there arranged that he would have the court's permission to take the child for week-ends, every three months, always with a nurse and a guard in attendance. The court's judgment was a final and complete victory for Miss Harding.

Trickery Charged by Attorney

● WHY, THEN, YOU ASK, did Mr. Bannister once more attempt to secure custody of his child by trying to have Canadian authorities hold Miss Harding and the child, upon their arrival in Quebec on her recent trip to England? Why does he, in the face of all legal decisions on record, continue to harass his ex-wife? Why does he persist in keeping this dark cloud—the fear of eventually losing her child to him—hanging over Ann Harding's lovely blonde head? Are his reasons those of a father who longs for the companionship of his child or are they mercenary? You must answer all these questions for yourself.

"Mr. Bannister's knowledge of the time and place from which Miss Harding would sail," said Mr. Woolley, "was obtained

HOLLYWOOD

under false pretence. His attorneys assured me that he wished only to meet her there and see the child. On their word of honor, I gave them the information.

"When Miss Harding left the hotel in Quebec and went aboard the *Duchess of Athol*, she was not in disguise as some papers have printed. We learned while en route to Quebec that Mr. Bannister and his attorneys were waiting for us with sinister intent. I knew that the *Duchess of Athol* was coming down the river and proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for putting Miss Harding on board.

"This was done without Miss Harding's knowledge for she is a straightforward person and would have wanted to face Bannister. Not even to the press were Miss Harding's whereabouts revealed until after midnight. Maids had been bribed to enter Miss Harding's rooms in the hotel and they informed the press that she had gone.

Kidnap Charge Made

● "THE DAY FOLLOWING her departure Mr. Bannister went into court and on incorrect testimony, stating for one thing that Miss Harding had given up her American citizenship and intended to remain permanently in England, obtained the issuance of a kidnapping warrant. This testimony was untrue for Miss Harding will return to this country and resume her residence when the time comes. Armed with his warrant, Bannister and his attorney made a search of *The Empress of Australia* before she sailed.

"Further action on Miss Harding's behalf was undertaken in Washington," continued Mr. Woolley. "It was thought that Bannister might attempt to have Miss Harding detained upon her arrival in England and, on the strength of the Canadian warrant, held as a fugitive from justice. For this reason the entire case was placed before the State Department which communicated with our Ambassador in England with the result that when Miss Harding landed she received every courtesy. In my opinion, Bannister has not one chance on earth either to obtain custody of the child or to touch one more penny of Miss Harding's money."

Further action awaits the return of Miss Harding from England.



John Halliday and two police officers coaxed Eleanore Whitney, Paramount starlet, to dance for them on Hollywood Boulevard. We snapped this shot just before the street car came along!

SEPTEMBER, 1936



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Fred MacMurray's Runaway Marriage

(Continued from page twenty-five)

plane's speed, and before the studio could find out a thing about it officially, the papers proclaimed his runaway marriage.

Why did he do it? Well, he did not want to bump into studio opposition for one thing. Which he might. For another, he wanted to be off on a honeymoon while he still had time, and California's marriage law still says three days warning before up and marrying.

The Story Different

● THE THOUSANDS OF movie fans throughout the country probably think that this is the usual Hollywood story—handsome, glamorous movie actor has won the heart of just another beautiful girl.

To their many friends and acquaintances in the film capital, however, it's a different story. This is the culmination of a romance that had its inception three years ago backstage in New York when both were playing in the stage version of *Roberta*. Fred was playing a saxophone and Lilian Lamont, the girl in the case, was a showgirl. It's a love story that began before either one had ever entertained thoughts of a Hollywood career and the story would have had the same happy ending even if Fred MacMurray hadn't been catapulted from the bottom of the cinematic ladder to the top in two brief years.

Everyone is familiar with the spectacular rise of Fred from a saxophone player with the California Collegians to his screen test in New York which resulted in a long term Paramount contract.

He came to Hollywood with the same chances for success as hundreds of other young hopefuls do. Only Fred came with a determination to succeed if, for no other reason, than to live up to the faith placed in him by Lilian Lamont, the girl he left behind in New York.

When *Roberta* closed in New York Lilian took a position modeling fashions in a smart Fifth Avenue shop. She continued this for three months when she decided that her place was in Hollywood and this young man who was then attending the Paramount training school, preparatory to his introduction before the cameras. She knew that he was too shy and conservative to fight his way to the top in Hollywood alone where oftentimes the person who injects himself into the foreground in all situations is the one who reaches the top of the unsteady ladder of fame.

Lilian says now it is true that a man's awkwardness, his slips and faults, endear him to the woman who loves him. This is her way of saying that she saw in this man she loved something unique which others obviously had missed. She was right. When the camera caught his great charm and nonchalant informality every woman who saw him on the screen felt that he was her own personal discovery.

A Test Engagement

● LILIAN CAME To Hollywood and took a modeling position in one of California's most exclusive modiste shops.

During the filming of *The Gilded Lily*, Fred's first big picture, their engagement was rumored.

"We are engaged," admitted Lilian at

that time, "but it's unofficial and really a test betrothal. You see, there are so many obstacles in marriage, temperament and so forth, that we are trying to work them out in our test engagement. We have talked it over and decided that marriage and career often do not mix. We want to be sure before we make any official announcement of marriage plans."

This was just another way of saying that they were trying desperately to be level-headed about their romance in a town where so many marital encounters find their way too soon to the divorce courts.

Now Lilian says "It's the only time I've ever been in love and we had planned marriage from the first."

Fred had never before entertained serious romantic notions, because he had very definite responsibilities. He has made his own way and supported his mother as well, since his second year of high school.

"I just never found time for girls. I knew the right girl would come along some day," says Fred.

A Model Young Lady

● LILIAN IS VERY QUIET, reserved and dignified. She does not smoke or drink, not because she disapproves of either one, but because she does not care to indulge herself. She is tall and slender with brown eyes and black hair. She has a flawless complexion and classical features.

She has very definite ideas about the type of home she would eventually like to have. "For over a year I've been clipping plans on Early American homes from magazines," declares Lily.

"I have my dream house in my mind's eye. However, we have no definite plans about home building at the present time," she says.

Fred is not a highly paid star despite his rapid rise in the film firmament. He has carefully invested the money he has been able to save and these two are not plunging into financial obligations such as palatial homes and expensive automobiles until such time as these luxuries are in keeping with Fred's income.

At present they have leased a suite in a fashionable apartment hotel.

Fred is still driving the inexpensive coupe which he purchased over a year ago in celebration of the signing of his first Paramount option. When he is approached by car salesmen for a turn-in on a more expensive model he says, "No, thanks, I like this car and besides it has a sentimental attachment. It brought me good luck."

Fred has always been very close to his mother. He is an only child and their only separation was when he traveled with the California Collegians. His mother is very fond of Lilian and they are one of Hollywood's most agreeable threesomes.

A Designer at Heart

● WHEN LILIAN MARRIED Fred she had one of the most enviable wardrobes you can imagine. Her modeling experience and adeptness at designing are evident in her conservative and expert blending of colors. The perfect taste in the selection of her clothes makes her

HOLLYWOOD



"Open your mouth wide!" Ronald Colman teaches a Tibetan child how to sing during filming of *Lost Horizon*, Columbia's big picture of the season

appearance more chic than that of many stars whose salaries run into four figures. If she notices a hat in a shop window that is suitable for her type she is able to copy it so that the reproduction cannot be detected from the original.

This conservative taste is carried even to her modest engagement ring which is matched by a plain wedding ring set in platinum.

The remarkable fact about this story is that Fred MacMurray's position in life underwent so rapid a change that it could easily have turned the head of a less footsure and steady individual. A cross-section of college polls several months ago rates him as tops in the movies. He has played opposite more glamorous stars than any other young actor in the business. Among these are Claudette Colbert, Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Carole Lombard and Sylvia Sydney. Now he is scheduled to play with Gladys Swarthout in *Champagne Waltz*. Coincidentally, there is a striking resemblance between Miss Swarthout and the new Mrs. MacMurray. They are both tall, dark and statuesque. They both part their black hair in the middle and there is an expression about the eyes that is similar.

He's a far different Fred today than the young actor who played opposite Claudette Colbert in *The Gilded Lily*. He has changed from a shy, rather self-conscious young man to an accomplished actor. Where he was diffident and retiring, he is now a ready and interesting conversationalist. He takes no personal credit for this remarkable improvement.

"Of course, hard work has a lot to do with it, but luck is very important," grins Fred.

"I'm one of these people who pinches himself to make sure it's all really happened," MacMurray smiled. "I don't go in for introspection. I guess I'm funny that way. I really have a hard time analyzing my feelings. I realize I was lucky. Hard work and ability alone seldom get a man any place, without an element of luck. As I look back over the past two years, it comes to me that I haven't done so much after all—just sort of gone along with the help of Lilian and the stars and directors in the industry with whom I have worked."

This is an interesting insight into the nature of Fred MacMurray. His extreme modesty under the most extreme pressure that a "regular fellow" could undergo—stardom—has been his greatest asset.

And the girl he didn't leave behind is more responsible for his success than either one will admit. They are starting their marriage with complete understanding because they have come up the ladder together.

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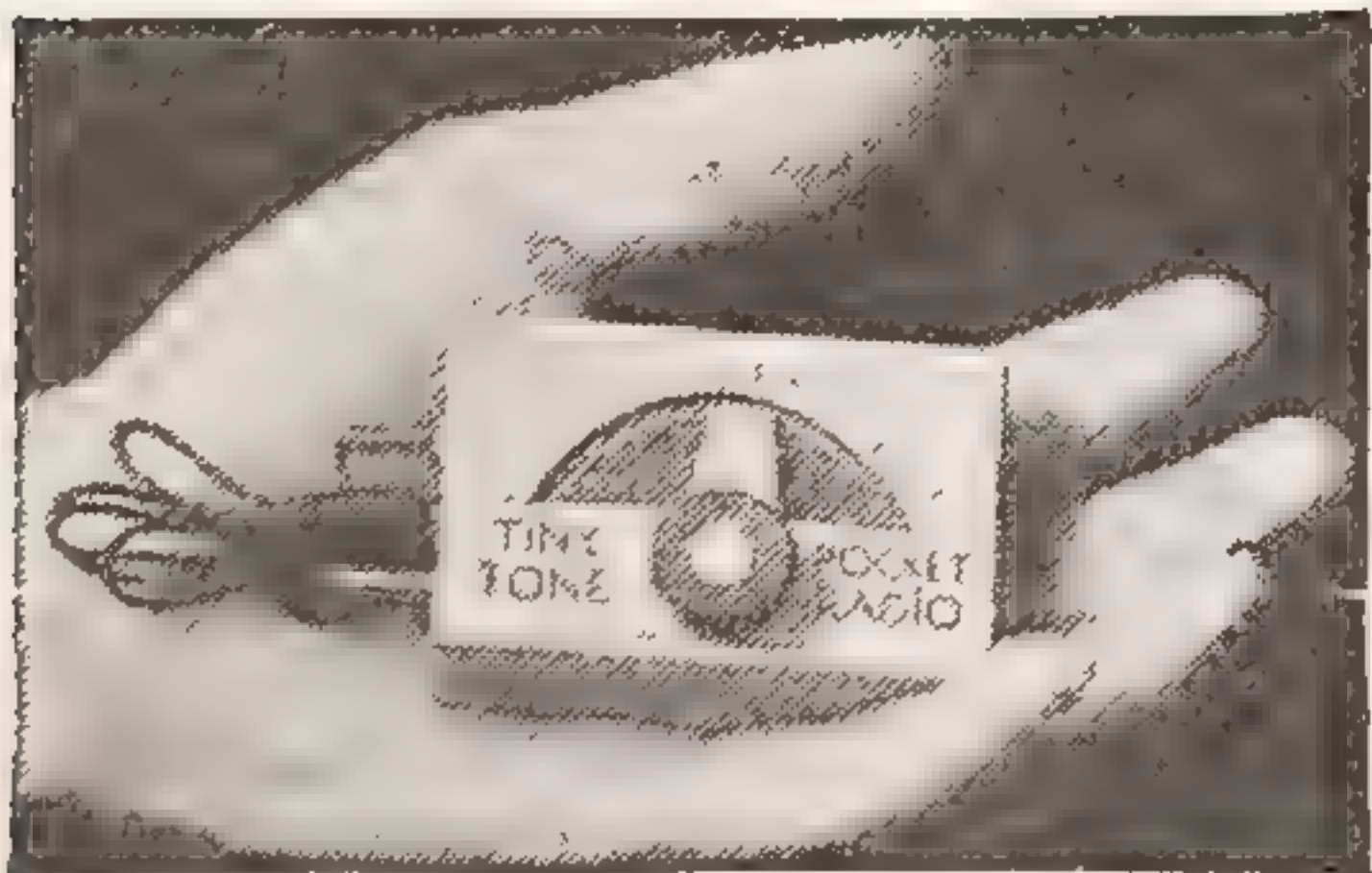
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If You Knew Suzy, Like I Know Suzy

(Continued from page twenty-two)

And she can cook. Everything from pies to a regular meal. We have a mutual friend who has a very modest little house, and a six-year-old son. She likes to visit her, get up and get breakfast, then go into the backyard and play mud pies with the six-year-old. She doesn't mind doing dishes—even remembers to clean the stove!

Jean takes her sports in flings. She will go in for golf in a very serious manner. About the fifth hole, it will be more fun to sit in the shade of a hazard and talk to her partner.

She likes to ride. Takes it up seriously—for a couple of weeks.

Luxury Always Welcome

● **ALONG WITH ALL THIS**, she loves luxury. She won't create it for herself, but likes it. Lovely flowers, mirrored dressing room, luxurious bedroom, a cabinet of perfumes. But she forgets them as soon as she walks away from them. Her gloves are kept in very neat order, wrapped in tissue paper. Her bureau drawers are perfectly arranged, except for one bottom one where she flings things. That is called her "procrastination drawer."

She has cupboards of neatly arranged shoes. Shoes—size three—for every occasion and costume. She loves shoes. No other article of clothing matters to her. She hates to shop, and is not clothes-conscious. Her mother and close friends have to shop for her.

Jean is fun on a party, though she thinks that she is a perfect flop—and hates them. She is fun because she is interested in other people. She is terrorized at the thought of big gatherings. Gets a terrific inferiority complex. That is the reason that she sometimes has the "hello fellows" attitude, to hide it.

Jean has a way of talking you into things. You will approach her with all sorts of good reasons why she should do a certain thing. It is not until you are a couple of blocks away from her when you realize your point was lost in the shuffle—and you wonder if you were right in the first place.

She starts her morning with a glass of hot water and lemon juice. At first because she thought it was good for her, and now because she likes it.

Draws the Maternal Instinct

● **PEOPLE WANT** To look after Jean and take care of her. To Blanche, her colored maid who has been with her for six years, Jean is her whole life. Jean never has to ask Blanche to do a thing. Blanche has a silent way of taking care of Jean, seeing that people do not tire her, that she wears the right dress for the occasion, and eats properly. When Jean is tired from a day's work, she will ask Blanche to bring her a bowl of soup. Blanche will say, "Yes, Miss Jean." Then appear again with a tray of good warm vegetables, a lamb chop, and glass of milk. Jean looks at her, sighs, but knows that it will stay there until she eats it. She does, and feels better.

If Jean wants to wear slacks to a studio conference, Blanche is very sorry but they are at the cleaners. All twelve pairs. Jean wears a smart sports outfit. When she gets home from the studio—she can slip into comfortable slacks, laid out on

the bed—just arrived from the cleaners. Jean doesn't mind autograph seekers. She says that she is grateful for their interest.

Jean is a very concrete person. A very loyal person. She keeps a promise, once she makes one. Yet she is a terrific procrastinator. She is careful of the promises she makes.

You can depend upon Jean to keep a secret. She is one girl to whom you can tell anything. She gives good, sound advice, and doesn't forget your problem the next time you see her. It is not a "personality interest" as so many people affect.

At the present time Jean has a two-and-a-half-pound Pomeranian (to take the place of the Great Dane that died), three bunnies, four cats, a Dachshund, and what else I don't know, because I haven't seen her for a week.

Color Scheme is Simple

● **HER FAVORITE COLORS** (only they aren't colors) are black and white. White men like, and black is always smart. She has a temper—and a good one. It is a justifiable one. Not one that flares up for no reason at all. But when it does—watch out. Never expect to fool her or neglect to fulfill a promise, and think she will forget it—because she won't. She expects the same loyalty that she gives. She doesn't hold a grudge—you just don't exist to her any more.

Jean has few friends. Friendship is sacred to her. She has many acquaintances, but friendship is something that takes time, trouble and thought. She knows people, and does not misplace her friendship. On first meeting, Jean can tell what sort of a person you are. She hates insincerity above everything else.

Jean likes to form her own opinions. If you try to influence her, or talk her into things, you are beaten before you start. So don't try.

Jean is capable. She knows how to sew. She can shampoo and wave her own hair. She can mix up a supper out of nothing and everything—all her own concoctions. She is not spoiled, with all of the attention she has—but loves to spoil other people.

Left Out of a Party

● **JEAN LOVES** To SURPRISE people, and play gags. One time when a friend of hers (a very good one) neglected to invite Jean to a dinner party—Jean went anyway. It was a formal party. Jean arrived in slacks, brought her own picnic supper, and sat on the living room floor to eat it, nonchalantly disposing of egg shells over her shoulder, and had a grand time. The party was a success, because of the uninvited guest.

Music—everything from Beethoven to Crosby—according to the mood. She still loves "The Music Goes Round and Round."

Jean always makes an entrance everywhere she goes. I still don't know whether or not she is conscious of it. Whether she is being a movie star or is self-conscious. (I'll tell you when I find out.)

Jean is one of those daughters all mothers dream about. She comes home from a date, wakes her mother up, and tells her things.

She is interested in her fan mail. I'm glad I know Suzy,

HOLLYWOOD

Bon Voyage, Tommy Meighan

(Continued from page twenty-two)

There are many such stories that Hollywood remembers when Tommy Meighan's name is mentioned.

More than one of the needy that he helped a few years ago is now a star in his own right. Tommy Meighan never loaned money, he gave it and always with a kindly slap on the shoulder and a "A few years from now you'll be on the top. Holding out a helping hand to some other fellow who's trying to get started, and when you do that I'll give you a receipt marked PAID IN FULL." And those prominent persons whom Tommy helped so long ago now tell the story of that help with great pride. Tommy Meighan was the kind of a good Samaritan who's good deeds earned friends, not enemies.

Reserving a Fortune

● IN SPITE OF HIS prodigal charities he amassed a comfortable fortune for he was a shrewd business man and is generally credited with having received one of the largest salaries ever paid a star in a silent film. Characteristically he avoided the financial follies which were common to most of his fellow stars. He neither gambled on the stock market nor invested in the wild schemes of Hollywood's gentle grafters. While he was ambitious and always tried to give a "best performance" he regarded his profession as a business, not as an art.

He had reason to regard acting as a business for he was the first of his family to don grease paint and he did so against the objections of his parents. Born of a well-to-do Philadelphia family he at first studied to be a doctor but while he was in college an innate love of acting overcame his first ambition and he left school to go on the stage.

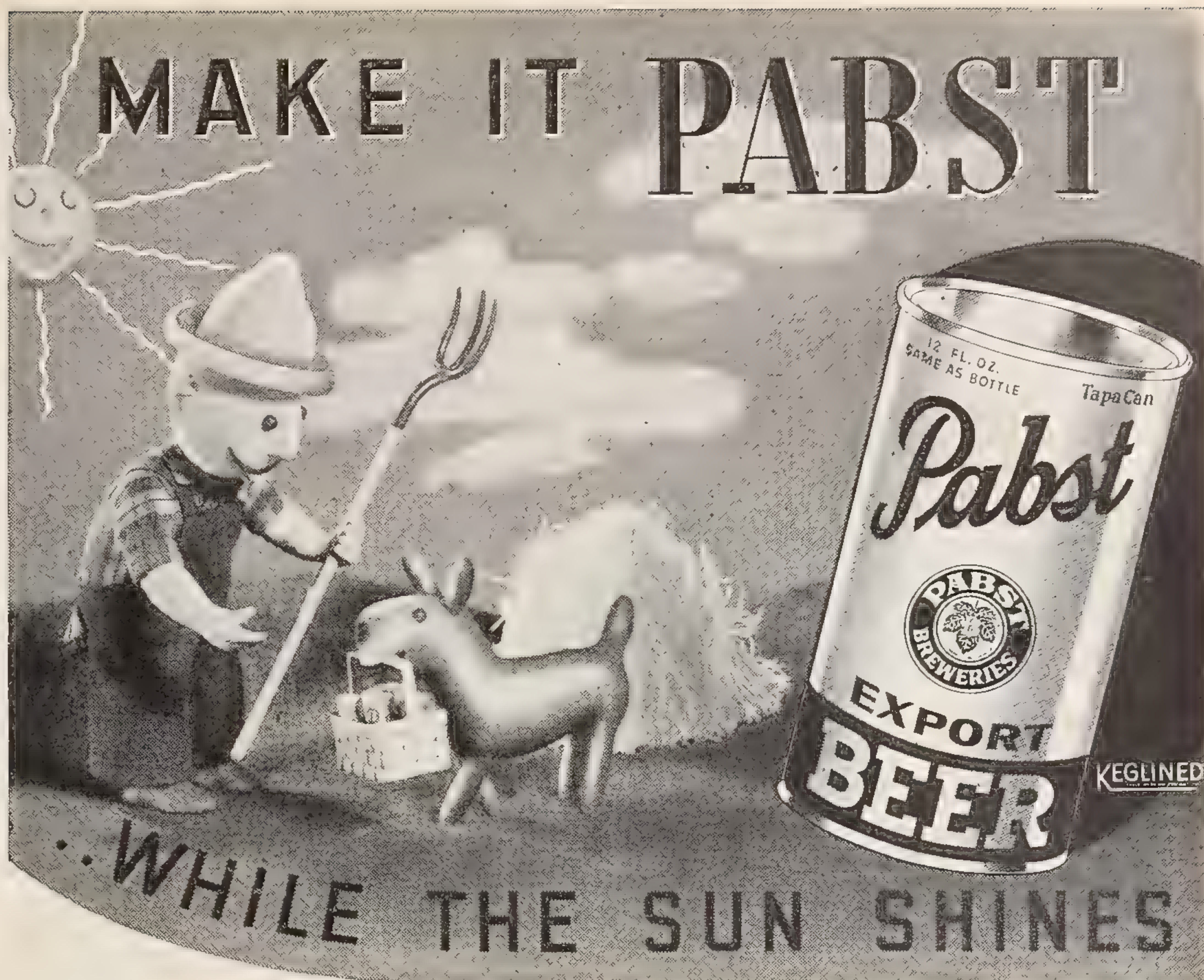
Perhaps one reason for his never-failing sympathy for beginners could be found in the fact that he himself knew the meaning of struggle. Too proud to apply to his parents for help, he went hungry on more than one occasion in New York while he was bidding for recognition. His first taste of success was in a minor rôle with a stock company starring Henrietta Crossman. He received \$35 a week and considered it princely pay. Ten years later in Hollywood he earned a salary reputed to be ten thousand dollars per week.

Ten Dollars; Two Careers

● THERE IS A STORY told about his first great screen success, *The Miracle Man*, which if true—and it is generally considered to be true—certainly tends to prove that ancient adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

Betty Compson, then an unknown, had been in Hollywood for some months trying to get a break in pictures. George Loane Tucker, an independent producer for Paramount, had considered her for the leading rôle in a rather cheap little picture entitled *The Miracle Man* which he was to produce. Day after day she went to the Paramount casting office only to be told on each occasion that Mr. Tucker had not yet been able to make his decision. Finally the slender store of money which she and her mother had been living on was exhausted and in answer to her mother's pleas she consented to go back to her home in Salt Lake, where she could obtain

[Continued on page 59]



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Joan Crawford Talks About Bob

(Continued from page twenty-one)

an aria from Bellini's opera *Norma*.

No one could place the singer. A dozen suggestions were made. Then Bob, who was listening attentively, suddenly spoke up: "You're all wrong. I recognize that voice. It's Joan Crawford's!" And he went at once to find her to make her admit it. Joan looked at him, the second time, in amazement. "How did you know? You've never heard me sing! That's one of my home recordings . . . it was in that album by mistake. How did you recognize it?"

"I recognized it because it recalled your speaking voice." And he went on to explain that while he had never studied singing, he had worked under one of the finest cellists in the country, and that had naturally developed his appreciation of tone qualities . . . to learn a distinction in instruments is the same as learning distinction in voices.

Bob Sings a Ditty

● INCIDENTALLY BOB SINGS a little ditty in *The Gorgeous Hussy*—"But not as a singer singing," he insists. "Just as a fellow having fun. I wouldn't want anybody to think I thought I had a voice. It's a goofy old sea chanty, and as such it really doesn't require any voice."

"If all the world were paper,
And all the sea were ink
If all the trees were bread and cheese,
What would we do for drink?"

"That and a couple of more verses like it is all there is to it!"

But if Bob doesn't take his singing seriously, he should at least take his dancing seriously, for he is a beautiful dancer. He and Joan do a Hornpipe together in the picture, but she discovered what an excellent ball room dancer he was when they took a turn or two around the set one day between scenes. And Joan isn't the only one who will attest to this Taylor prowess. Little Eleanor Whitney, who, like Joan, first won her fame dancing, says that he is one of the best she knows.

Still he never talks about any of these accomplishments. Bob Taylor is one of those people you are constantly finding things about—because you have to do literally that, find them out for yourself. He never volunteers. For example, if it

hadn't been for that cooped-up butterfly in Clarence Brown's car, no one would have ever known that Bob was well schooled in entomology—the study of insects, to you!

Joan says that she discovered the butterfly on Clarence Brown's steering wheel, and thought it was so beautiful that she caught it in her hat, to examine it closer. She was just about to call the museum and try to find out what species it was when Bob came along. "Oh, that's a *Tatilio Terganus*," he said. "Or sometimes it's called Edward's Swallowtail. They're quite rare . . . bring \$7.50 a pair." Joan realizes that it's a small point, but indicative. Bob has a keen knowledge on many such interesting subjects.

Supper at Joan's House

● NATURALLY YOU CAN see where all this was leading to . . . direct to a Sunday evening supper at Joan Crawford's house . . . where Bob went one evening with Barbara Stanwyck. Barbara and Joan have been good friends for years. When Joan was married to Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Barbara and Frank Fay lived right across the street, so they're really neighbors of long standing. But it wasn't because Bob is now best beau to Barbara that he was invited to Joan's. It was because Bob was Bob and because Joan wanted his friendship.

That is the greatest recommendation anyone can have in Hollywood for, as you know, all Joan's friends have something distinctive about them. They are all busy, doing-things people. They are all "important" people, not in a business or social sense, but important of themselves, because they are worthwhile.

Joan pays her own tribute in this way: "I find Bob most considerate and wholly unconscious of his growing popularity. Working with him has been delightful and I should love to make another picture with him. My only regret is that he didn't have a bigger rôle in the picture. His part is small but rather than turn it down he said that he welcomed the experience he would gain from it. The only way I feel I can pay him back is by playing leading lady to him. Which I will look forward to doing some day!"

That, from Joan Crawford, is a lot!

The Truth About the Hayes Affair!

(Continued from page ten)

boiled Chicago newspaper men unexpectedly took sides in the matter. Outside the bare announcement, not a word of the MacArthur divorce proceedings reached print.

Helen Hayes and MacArthur were married. On their return from a honeymoon abroad, Carol slapped a summons on her ex-husband. It was all about money, and was quickly dropped from the papers. Meantime MacArthur was writing *The Front Page*, which was a smash Broadway hit, and Helen Hayes was gaining new laurels as a top-notch actress. Later, their famous "act of God" baby was born. But it was not until Hayes entered the movies and began having fan stories printed about her that Carol swung into real action.

Frink's whole case relied heavily on

magazine articles which pictured Helen Hayes as cherishing a romantic attachment to MacArthur before he had a legal right to wed. Writer Adele Whitely Ormiston admitted in court that her stories had been touched up a bit by her own interpretation of what Hayes had told her, and added that none of Miss Hayes remarks had smallest tinge of impropriety.

In dropping the suit, Carol Frink said that she had let the case go to trial without a thought of getting a cent. She "only wanted to get a chance to tell her story to those who thought she was a gold-digger."

Her story for the most part consisted of exhibiting letters MacArthur had written her in the early twenties, and which proved at least that MacArthur had not pursued the Frink for her money.

Bon Voyage, Tommy Meighan

(Continued from page fifty-seven)

certain employment. That is, she agreed to return to Salt Lake if one last visit to Paramount proved unproductive.

She sat for an hour that day in the Paramount casting office and finally was requested to "come back again tomorrow." It was the end of her hopes and ambitions and she stumbled blindly toward the exit. But as she neared the door she saw on the floor of the casting office a ten dollar bill. It was not only the wherewithal to exist for another week of patient waiting but it might also be, she thought, a significant turn in her luck. And so it was for the next day George Loane Tucker telephoned her and gave her the coveted rôle.

On the set she met Thomas Meighan and he told her a strange story. He also had been unable, despite a fair reputation on the stage, to crash the elusive gates of Hollywood. He, also, had been requested from day to day to "come back again tomorrow." And finally he too had decided to give up the promised part in *The Miracle Man* and return to certain employment on the New York stage.

He had only enough cash on hand to buy his fare to New York when he made his last call at the Paramount casting office and, like Betty, was told that he must wait another day for a decision. In the casting office he had taken his wallet from his pocket and recounted his money, then he had gone to his hotel, packed his bags and gone direct to the railroad station to purchase transportation. But when he went to pay for his ticket he found that he lacked exactly ten dollars of having the necessary fare. He had lost the ten dollar bill Betty had found. So he stayed in Hollywood—and won the rôle.

The Miracle Man made Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson, Lon Chaney and Joseph Dowling stars. Of these four, three are now dead and Betty Compson, the fourth, has retired from the screen. But no one who saw that picture will ever forget it for it still remains one of the greatest screen triumphs of all time. Had Thomas Meighan never made another picture he would have been established by that one magnificent performance as a screen immortal.

Many Screen Successes

● AS A MATTER OF fact he starred in hit after hit, and until talking pictures threw Hollywood into a spin he maintained his position as a top-flight star. Some of his most notable successes were *The Fighting Hope*, *The Bachelor Daddy*, *Manslaughter*, *Old Home Week*, *The New Klondike*, *We're All Gamblers* and *The City Gone Wild*.

He retired from the screen not because he was no longer in demand but because he felt that he had attained his goal. He had purchased a beautiful estate on Long Island, he was tired of studio life and he wanted to live a life of ease.

His retirement, he confessed later, was a mistake. He had worked too tirelessly and too eagerly all his life to enjoy leisure.

His death was the indirect result of a severe attack of pneumonia incurred during his last comeback attempt. He never recovered fully from that illness.

His death at fifty-seven affected Hollywood deeply for he had kept in constant close touch with all of his friends in the industry and had spent much of his time in the picture capitol.

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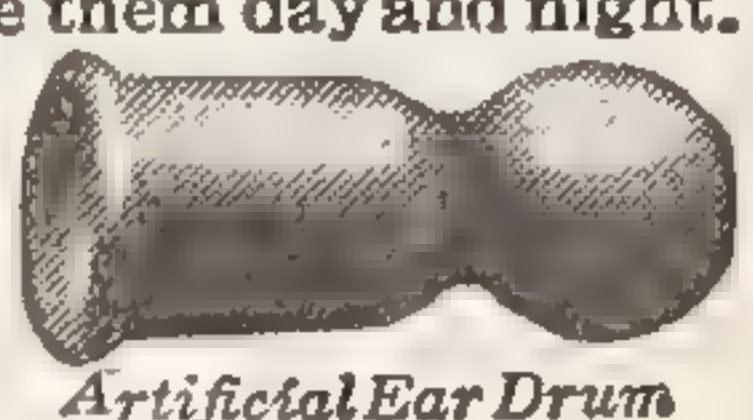
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How to Crash the Dance Line

(Continued from page thirty)

Mrs. Prinz comes in at this moment—a petite blonde woman and quite a beauty. Prinz stops the piano and introduces her to the remaining girls. They all say hello in a friendly way. Then the music starts up again.

Shirley dances by. LeRoy shakes his head. It is too bad about her. She has an unconscious twitch to her face which she can't prevent. And all of her good looks and figure go for naught. Except in long shots. He places her for that kind of work whenever possible. Shirley needs the money for her mother and sister.

The next one is Eleanor Troy, a statuesque beauty.

"She won the title of Miss America in the beauty contest last year," LeRoy tells us. "The girl may get somewhere."

Two or three more go by. LeRoy calls the next one, a dusky, clear-eyed brunette. "This is Princess Neeahtha," he says. She smiles. "Okay, kid, run along," LeRoy says. When she is gone he explains she is a full-blooded Sioux



Teaching a dance routine is a matter of hours more than days. Here LeRoy Prinz gives final instructions before going into production



—Photo by Victor Haveman

Hours of hard practice are the next step, smiling when you are too tired to move. The scene is from a recent Columbia film



—Photo by Victor Haveman

Time out for repairs. Make-up men hastily refresh the appearances of the dancers during a let-down in the actual shooting of the film



In World War days a member of the Lafayette Escadrille, LeRoy Prinz has lived a varied, adventurous life. This photo was taken during his overseas service

Indian who gets \$500 a month from the government. He lists her as o. k. because she has real beauty and talent, and you have to take it where you find it. Even if some other girl does need the job more.

Donna, a blonde, glides by. She has a marvelous carriage. She is one of his veterans, and wins a murmur of "Good girl, that."

Louise dances by with a portly gentleman of middle age. They appear to be amused.

"That gag will cost you your job, Louise," LeRoy says.

She doesn't appear to be impressed, so we ask Mrs. Prinz what it means.

"The elderly man is LeRoy's father, Edward Prinz, Sr.," we are told. "He has taught dancing for years. Don't you think it will cost her anything!"

Each Girl Has a Story

● MORE GIRLS Go By—tall and short, thin and chubby, but most of them pretty ideal. Eight out of ten won't fulfill

all the requirements and will be doomed to disappointment. Some of them are accepted despite obvious faults.

There is, for instance, a blonde beauty just over six feet tall. You never saw a girl better proportioned. She is in excellent physical condition. And for a reason. LeRoy tells us that this suntanned lady is a topnotch athlete in a half dozen different sports, and quite noted as a pitcher in a softball league drawing big crowds two nights a week. Her rhythm is marvelous. She will land something sure.

LeRoy calls our attention to Sybil. She missed for a long time because she had ugly teeth. But she had talent. So LeRoy finally gave her money and sent her to a dentist for some improvement. Now she crashes the dance line at all the studios, and manages to get at least four months work out of every year. At sixty dollars a week or better.

The next girl he greets with a friendly smile of assurance. "She got off to a bum start," LeRoy says. "Now we are rehabilitating her. She married a lug who turned criminal and pulled a big piracy job off the coast. He is serving time for it. I felt sorry for Norma when she suddenly stopped showing up. My brother, Eddie, located her. It took a while, but she is showing up regularly now. The other girls are pretty decent to her."

Norma is a nice enough looking dancer. Talk to her and you find she is smart enough although not well educated. She is getting her confidence back, thanks to LeRoy's friendly attitude. She will be all right.

More Jobs at Other Studios

● A LOT OF THESE aspirants are going to be disappointed. We are about to feel sorry for them when LeRoy explains something. There will be a dance call at Warners on Monday. He himself has just beaten Warners to the punch so he could get the pick of the youngsters. But Monday another big batch will land jobs.

All in all, the better dancers will have a busy autumn. They will keep up their average of six months' work out of the year, although not all of this time will be in studio work. Some of them are secretaries. Others are models. Many are just plain wives. All of them are looking for very handy pay checks.

But what about the poorer dancers—the ones who never make this dance call? They will have only occasional luck. It's either jobs as extras now and then, or a long, weary journey back to their homes across the country. You must have looks and plenty of talent to win at this game. It is highly competitive. Maybe you had better think a little longer before you try to crash the dance line.

The last of the girls have danced by. The piano stops. LeRoy climbs on a chair and starts talking.

"Thank you, girls, for your time. As usual we will notify you through Central Casting. We won't announce now, to save you embarrassment. Put on your coats and skip right home. I don't want any of you loitering around."

The assistants hand each girl 20c carfare as she leaves. LeRoy sits down and wipes his brow. He has made his decision, and on it rests the ultimate fate of important dance numbers.

Your Chances in the Chorus

● WE PROMISED To report to you on what chance you might have as a dancer in Hollywood.

Each week Prinz receives some thirty letters asking this question; he answers them all with a form letter. His advice is to come to Hollywood only if you have enough money for a stay of a month or two, and such a trip should be regarded as a vacation rather than an urgent quest for work. Two thousand girls, all trained, most of them rating up to 95% for physical beauty and ability, are stiff competition.

If you come to Hollywood and believe you have what it takes, Prinz will interview you between five and six. He sees three or four newcomers each day during this interview hour. You put on a bathing suit, go through what dance steps you know, sing if you have talent in that line, and then are listed on his card index. Bring small sized photos with you to attach to the card.

He rates beauty first in his requirements, but if you are pretty and dumb you do not get work. Brains are essential. If you have intelligence you can learn to dance quickly—a stupid girl can learn nothing. Most well formed girls have to get their teeth corrected—it costs about \$35 a tooth to drill it down, put on a porcelain cap, transform a homely set of teeth into pearly bits of perfection.

Your income as a dancer is around \$75 a week—when you get work. "A-plus" girls work about six months out of twelve and there are about 800 of these in town. There are about 300 good showgirls—the statuesque beauty type who do not need to dance; merely look pretty.

Does that answer the questions?

Paramount's Ace Dance Master

● WHO IS THIS MAN who dictates the dancing of a studio? He is young, rather short, black hair, snappy dark eyes. He is a born showman. He grew up under the tutelage of his father, who knows dancing from A to Zioncheck.

In the World War LeRoy joined the Lafayette Escadrille. He had enough thrilling experiences to make a story all by itself. And came out whole-skinned.

In his office are a dozen mementos of the war. A picture of Quentin Roosevelt lying still beside his wrecked plane. A dramatic photo of a German pilot falling from a plane he had just shot down. Another photo of a mid-air plane collision. A map, dirty and worn, preserved behind a glass frame.

LeRoy had carried that map with him when he was shot down by the Huns. The map was taken by the Germans. Years later, when the turmoil had subsided, the mother of a German soldier saw his name on the back, mailed it to LeRoy with her blessings. He would like to know that mother.

LeRoy's first assistant is his brother, Eddie. There is an interesting story there, too.

A bigtime gangster had sent his moll to LeRoy for a movie dance job. LeRoy gave her a fair break with the other girls. But she didn't have the stuff. So out she went. That night LeRoy was called out of town on business. Brother Eddie, en route home, had his car forced to the curb.

"Your name Prinz?" a gruff voice demanded.

"Sure," said Eddie.

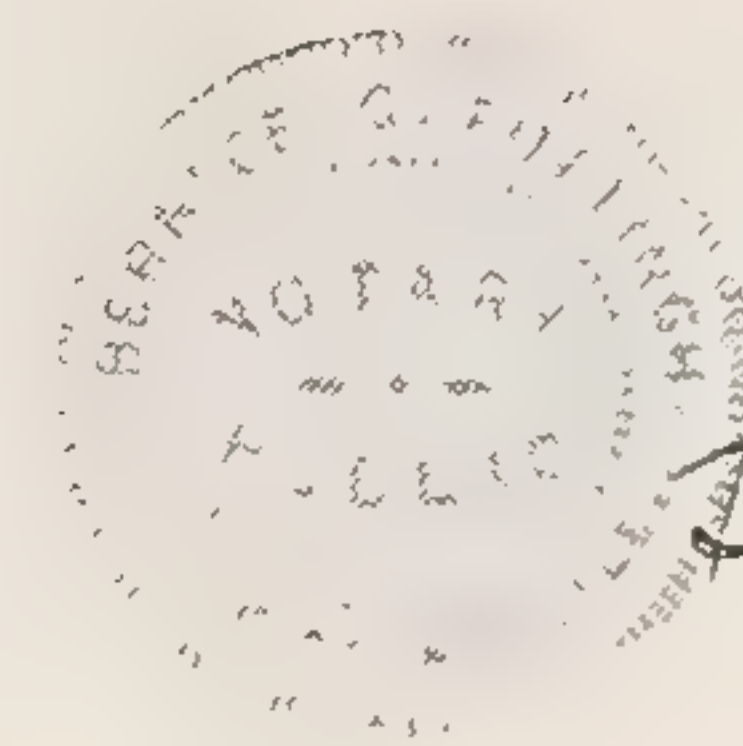
"Get out!" Eddie complied. A sandbag landed on his skull with a thud. Eddie went down in a heap. He was only half conscious when they rolled him over and looked into his face.

"H—I, we got the wrong one!" someone muttered.

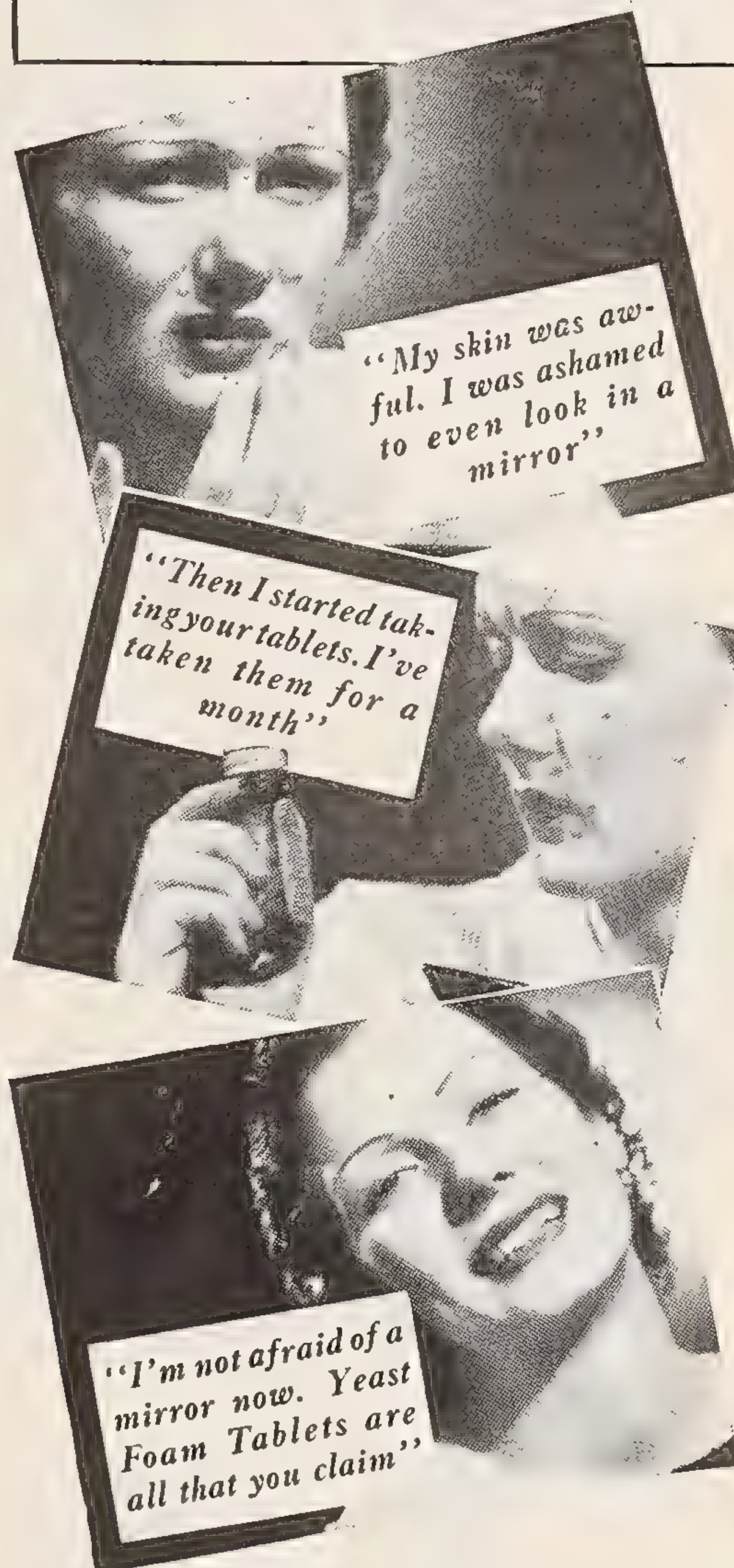
LeRoy was back in town a day later, but they never tried that stunt again.

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This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.



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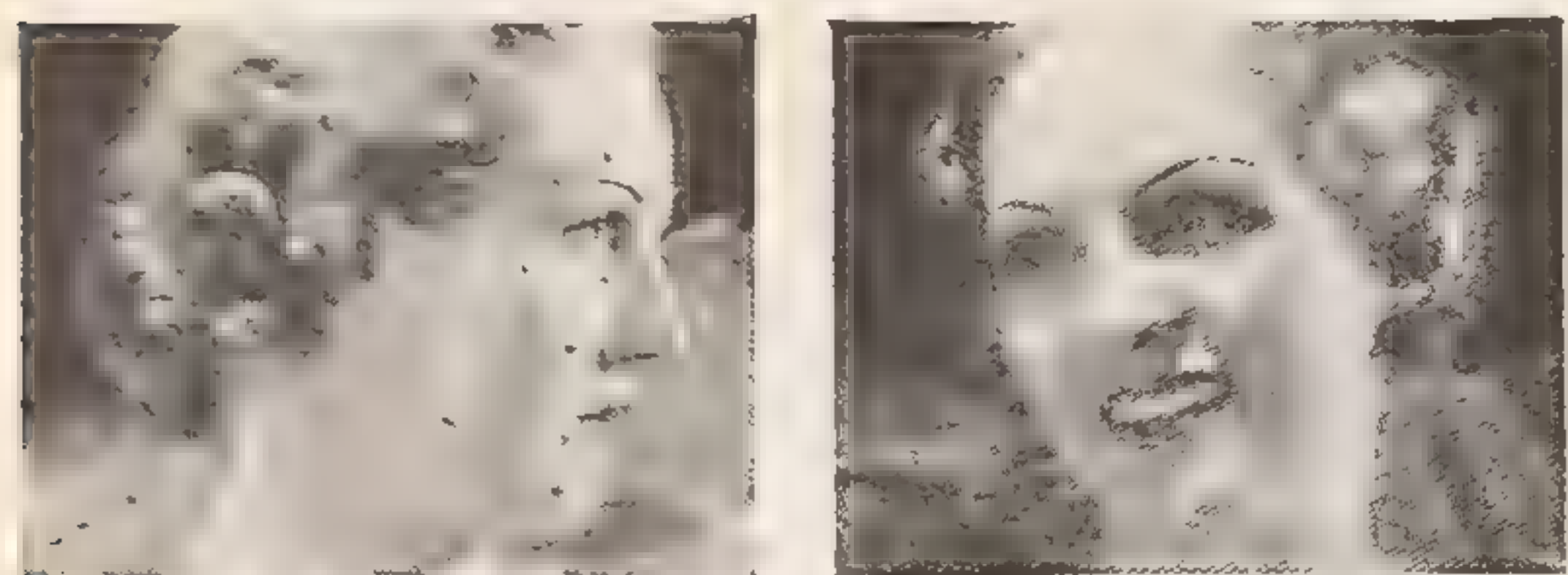
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They Couldn't Say No to Loretta

(Continued from page twenty-six)



Ramona has a varied and delightful cast. Among those you will see are these above: Loretta Young, Pauline Frederick, Kent Taylor, J. Carrol Naish, and Don Ameche

sun—when she should have been lazing around the shore.

Withal, she was on the set at seven, and she was still there at five. Most of the time she was dog-tired, but she always rose and flung herself into the scene, even if the location doctor had to stand by between times with a dropper full of adrenalin for her tired, blood-shot eyes. She spared no one—including herself—if she saw any excuse for a re-take.

A gregarious person, she resigned herself to seven weeks of nothing but work and sleep. At five o'clock she left the set for her cottage, had a massage and shower, ate a light meal and fell into bed.

The frequent trips from the location to town and back again were not exactly restful. It was 135 miles and more from Hollywood to Warner Hot Springs, nearest village to the *Ramona* set.

The ultimate destination of Warners Hot Springs is in the foothills. Mountains are near, and hot deserts, too. It is a remarkable country, typical of the setting represented in the famous classic.

The capricious mountain weather veered between bitter cold and blazing hot. She caught cold, and she wilted from heat. Her skin chapped and it blistered. And she drove herself along, for she had promised herself she would materialize the incredible.

Ramona should do well. The steadily-improving color camera makes the most of the rarely beautiful terrain—great sweeps of mountain meadows, with towering old cottonwoods and green willows, mountain streams and lakes and "chases" shot from two miles straight above, sweeping over forty miles of plateau.

Raised in a Convent

AND SO LORETTA YOUNG, who entered moving pictures through a piece of precocious guile, lifts her dainty feet over another hurdle.

It was some 20 years ago that widowed Mother Young brought her starry-eyed

moppets from the arid reaches of Utah to the New Bagdad.

After a childhood spent mostly in convents (Loretta developed the *Ramona* fixation in *Ramona* convent, Alhambra, when she could hardly read), the Young girls—Polly Ann, Loretta and Sally (Blane) began dropping by studios, and the big-eyed trio soon became a familiar sight around casting offices.

One day Mervyn LeRoy telephoned the populous Young home to invite Polly Ann by for an interview. Polly Ann was away at a Girl Scout camp, but Loretta, who even then knew Opportunity from the grocer's boy, borrowed one of Polly Ann's dresses and caught the street car. The gateman, who has stopped many older heads, had no defense against her *entre*:

"I'm Miss Young. Mr. LeRoy expects me."

Clad in the armor of half-truth, she sailed through to LeRoy's office, and the first important man who ever tried to say no to little Loretta Young found out that in the end it was easier to say yes.

Once only—and early—did she stray from her single-minded pursuit of gilded glory. At seventeen, she married Grant Withers. It was soon over, and she has since devoted her energies, with few interruptions, to the furtherment of her drive upon the stony battlements of Hollywood.

She draws a deep satisfaction from the adoring company of Edward Sutherland, the producer, but few expect that she will marry him. He is a veteran of the divorce courts, an affront to her Catholicism, and there seems no room in the tight little Young cosmos for any new people.

She made an eloquent speech—unconsciously—a few weeks before she began *Ramona*.

"You know," she told someone sweetly, "the people at the studio were lovely to me when I was sick. Orchids? Great baskets of them. And candy, and lovely jellied soups from the Vendome. No one could have been more considerate."

"But they stopped my paycheck."

HOLLYWOOD

1926—Valentino's Memory Fades—1936

(Continued from page thirty-one)

duties. That was in December, 1934. On the same occasion, Judge Wood approved a deal whereby Juan Romero, an interior decorator, purchased Falcon Lair for \$18,000. Rudy had expended more than \$125,000 on the building and grounds.

Uncle Sam nabbed the major share of the Ullman settlement and the house sale proceeds for unpaid taxes.

The Price of a Memorial

● AMERICA'S HOUSEHOLD WORD, "lousy," gained additional standing as a judicial epithet and Mrs. Zunilda Mancini got an order directing Ullman to return \$5,400 or her \$6,900 contribution toward a Valentino sculptural memorial even earlier—February 6, 1934, to be exact—in Superior Judge Lester Roth's court.

Mrs. Mancini won the verdict because Judge Roth decided, and officially so expressed himself, that in accepting her \$6,900—practically all she had in the world—for a DeLongpre Park monument that cost only \$1,500, a "cheap and lousy fraud" had been practiced by Ullman in the name of the dead satellite.

Ullman appealed to the California Court of Appeals, but Judge Roth's decision was upheld.

Attaches at Hollywood Cemetery, which lies in the shadows of Paramount and R-K-O studios, will tell you that none except Alberto Valentino, his wife and son appear at Rudy's crypt nowadays. During the interim immediately following his death, it was necessary for the cemetery corporation to put on extra attendants to handle the crowds that came from all parts of the globe.

Flowers, too, required extra attention in those days. They came from Valentino admirers in far-away lands. Others poured in from nearby communities. But no more. Even Pola Negri, Rudy's self-styled fiancée, no longer bothers.

Her Mystery Ends

● ANNUALLY, ON Memorial day, a heavily veiled woman used to place violets before the crypt. She alone, in recent years, seemed to remember. Legend had it that she was one of the really great loves in the life of this fellow of many loves, yet cemetery officials never were able to identify her until two years ago, when they were summoned to the coroner's office to view the remains of a Pasadena banker's wife who had committed suicide via the poison route in front of the DeLongpre Park statue. Gazing at the body on the marble slab, they realized that the yearly contribution of violets was ended.

Six years ago a group of Hollywood stars assembled in the park while one of them drew a silken cord and unveiled the bronze shaft for which hordes of the dead actor's admirers had contributed their dimes and their dollars. Attendance at the ceremonies was enormous.

Yet the statue, *Aspiration*, is a lonely figure a decade after Rudy's death. Scarcely is it noticed by passersby in the park.

Valentino was the greatest of them all. The most worshipped . . . the most bewildered . . . besieged . . . puzzled!

And today—a decade afterward—his troubled spirit is alone—**FORGOTTEN!**

SEPTEMBER, 1936

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Place ingredients in mixing bowl. Beat with rotary egg beater until mixture thickens. If thicker consistency is desired, place in refrigerator to chill before serving. Makes $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups.

- It used to take a half hour's beating and praying to make such mayonnaise! Now, even a man can stir it together. And is it good!
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Dolores Del Rio—Always a Lady

(Continued from page thirty-two)

"My very good chauffeur who has been with me for years. Or Ceddie (Cedric Gibbons, her husband). It doesn't matter which. Both of them drive divinely. I love to ride when Cedric is at the wheel. But I shall never drive if I can help it!"

She admires men and what they do. She clings to them from inclination, not necessity. But she does not envy them.

"Why are girls today so proud of doing all the things which men have done for centuries? I do not envy men. Nothing is more thrilling than being a woman in a man's world. Why must they try to change it?"

Softly, plaintively, with a show of pity for the modern girl, she asks her question.

Her boudoir is the perfect setting for its feminine occupant. All silver and white and crystal. The bed clings low to the floor, in modernistic style. Everything is modern and gleaming—everything but a tiny shrine in which a candle, lighted from the eternal flame, burns softly.

An Amazing Dressing Room

● HER DRESSING ROOM is something to make you gasp. It is of silver and white, with mirrors gleaming everywhere. A dressing table built low, banks up to the left and right in tiers. On its various levels are a hundred bottles of exquisite perfume.

Rows upon rows of dainty wearing apparel are behind the silver doors of the closets behind you. You won't find any slacks there, nor sports trousers, nor even a mannishly tailored street suit.

The bath is a dream. Black tile shows where there is room for it. Most of the wall space is an astonishing array of mirrors. You see yourself not once but a hundred times, from dozens of facets.

"These aren't vanity mirrors," Dolores explains. "They just give you a thorough-going look at yourself. You can't see only that favorite angle. You see every one of your faults. Mirrors keep your ego in place."

She plays a desultory game of tennis . . . but looks like an angel in motion as she springs with grace, but little accuracy, about the court. Once, a friend, with a bit of exasperation in her tone, said, "Dolores, you really should take a few lessons!"

"Why?" laughing from behind her lashes, "Why? Do I not look well enough on the court? Ah, do you really, truly believe, my lovely friend, that the men WANT us to beat them at this game? It is their game. Let them play it. Let them enjoy their smiles at my efforts with it. It is too strenuous for women anyway!"

She swims gracefully, daintily, with a quiet enthusiasm, and is devastatingly decorative as she sits in a trim white silk suit on the edge of the pool. She abhors bridge, but admits she loves conversation.

"I love to gossip. I simply adore to gossip." Pure mischief shines in her eyes at this confession comes forth on a tiny crescendo of laughter. "Only I always get it mixed up . . . so I don't do it much. But I do love it!"

Handling an Enemy

● SHE HAS AN ENTIRELY feminine angle on the way to handle an enemy without deliberately adding malice. "Let them alone," I say to myself, 'Poor things!'

The meanest thing one can do to an enemy is . . . do nothing. If you ignore an enemy long enough, who knows? He may become a friend in self-defense! No one likes being ignored, you know."

The very unreasonableness of this argument makes it reasonable. There are those who will swear to you that Dolores always has her own way. I know this is not so. But I know, too, that it seems to be so because of the feminine psychology which she applies to her living.

She is resourceful sometimes to a delightful degree in doing things her own way.

Every woman's prerogative—change of mind, she employs with divine extravagance. Once she and Cedric had planned an out-of-town week-end together far in advance of the date set. With the pressure of social and studio activities, neither had mentioned the plan for weeks. On a Friday, the night they were to leave, when Cedric arrived home, Dolores greeted him in formal dinner gown. "But dear, your traveling suit, we're pulling out, aren't we?" Cedric asked.

Dolores smiled brightly. "Oh, but darling—but didn't I tell you? I changed our minds. We'll go next week instead. You don't mind?"

Cedric didn't mind. The unexpected charms this young Irishman. Calmly he walked upstairs, changed to dinner clothes, and greeted some twenty guests as though he had planned just THIS for weeks.

And what about frankness in women? "Pooh! Why, frankness is so often rude! Since when must women be frank? I like to follow the pattern set down for women through the ages. Mystery is incomparably more alluring than frankness."

Contentment Comes First

● WITH A TRUE FEMININE instinct, she wants peace and happiness about her. She wants her friends to be gay and content. That is why she never argues for anything. Rather, she most charmingly appears to relinquish her opinions in deference to others. In reality she quietly tucks them away to be used on another day!

"I am entirely honest when I say to you, I am glad I am a woman. I am proud that I have all, and I mean every single one of the funny, unreasonable faults of my feminine ancestors. I like to have my own way. But I can be patient about it. I don't care how foolish that way may seem. Somehow I don't even care if Cedric sometimes gives me my way with a very real annoyance at its unreasonableness. That is much better than winning a brisk, sexless argument because my mind worked like a machine. Because I was logical, and sane, and proved the mathematics of my point.

"Just because this is a machine age . . . because steel and wire and engines are becoming more and more important in the scheme of things, must women take on the coloration of the times?"

"Naturally, I can't answer for the modern women, but I can answer for myself. And I answer 'No,' very definitely.

"Perversity is a feminine trait, you know, and so, as I see women becoming more and more imbued with the ideas of adopting the rules and behavior of men, I become more and more determined to be myself."

Dramatic Hands . . .

(Continued from page forty-nine)

Preparations For The Hands

● IF YOU WOULD HAVE hands as carefully groomed as Miss Oberon's, you will need proper equipment in brushes, oils and polishes. With the many excellent manicure aids of moderate price on the market today, beautiful hands and nails are within the reach of every girl. Therefore I am going to tell you this month about a few of the products which have recently been tested by this department and which you will find both inexpensive and reliable.



First on my list is the *Lucky Turtle*, one of the most efficient little nail brushes I have seen, put out by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company. It is, as you would guess, shaped like a turtle and comes in a variety of bright colors. Somehow you can't help feeling gay and amused all the while this little brush is performing its mundane duty of scrubbing your nails. The tail of the turtle has a purpose, too, because with it soap can be worked in and out beneath the nails, achieving snow-white cleanliness.

Chamberlain's Lotion is another delightful aid to beautiful hands. It is really a blend of several different oils, each one chosen to do something special for your skin. I have found that it is not only soothing and healing for chapped or water-soaked hands but that it has a whitening effect which banishes telltale nicotine and fruit stains. Handy to have a bottle in both bath and kitchen.



Nail Polishes and Polish Removers

● THERE IS SUCH a luscious array of new shades in polishes that it is difficult to choose just one or two. I always have the inclination to walk off with all of them. Especially tempting is the new *Cutex Crème Polish* priced at thirty-five cents. This is made by a new formula which provides a brilliant lacquer and cuts evaporation to practically nothing.

There seems to be a popular fallacy among girls that the continued use of liquid polishes causes brittle nails. Actually it is harsh cuticle removers and acetone polish removers that do the damage. The Cutex Company has a new oily cuticle remover, companion to the new *Crème* polishes, which performs the double duty of removing every vestige of excess cuticle and keeping the skin soft and smooth at the edge of the nails.



Manicure Accessories

● COTTON IS AN important adjunct to any manicure and I am sure you will find, as I have, Bauer and Blacks *Cotton Picker* to be a handy addition to your manicure table. It contains yards and yards of sterilized cotton that can be picked off in wisps from the top of the smart container just as needed.

Perhaps my most unique manicure discovery for the month is an electric device which does just about everything but write your letters for you. There are separate attachments for filing, trimming, brushing and buffing. These little machines have been used in many modern beauty shops but have only recently been put on the retail market. I'll be glad to send you more information about this clever gadget if you will drop me a note and enclose stamped envelope for reply.

Free Beauty Service

Let Ann Vernon solve your beauty problems. She has a carefully selected list of up-to-the-minute cosmetics and beauty aids which will be invaluable in your quest for loveliness. All questions pertaining to the hair, skin or figure will be answered personally and confidentially by Miss Vernon. This service is entirely free—all she asks is that you enclose a stamped, self addressed envelope for reply. Address Miss Ann Vernon, *HOLLYWOOD Magazine*, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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LISTEN TO The National Barn Dance On The Radio Every Saturday Night N.B.C. Network.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief of Pain

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking the acids and waste out of the blood. If they don't pass 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing.

If you have trouble with frequent bladder passages, with scanty amount which often smart and burn, the 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing out. This danger signal may be the beginning of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes and dizziness.

Don't wait for serious trouble. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills—used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of Kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

Star Gazing in Hollywood » » » » » by Jack Smalley



Jean Harlow and Franchot Tone were just next door emoting . . . but Joan didn't mind! It was strictly a matter of business

With Gun And Camera

● Puffed with pride, we lay at your feet, dear reader, our proudest trophy. Stalking the two biggest stars in the Hollywoodland, we pursued Robert Taylor and Joan Crawford and shot them with our little camera. And here they are on the front cover to prove it.

It was a thrilling chase, too. Director Clarence Brown was in the midst of filming "The Gorgeous Hussy," and time was precious. But gracious Joan slipped away from the scene, with Bob clutched by the hand, and presto! they were captured by the lens of Messrs. Clendenin and Hansen, specialists in snapping set stills in color.

So here is the first natural color photo of your favorite, Mr. Taylor, in a pose which indicates how nice it is to be a popular star. True, Franchot Tone dropped in while Bob had his arms around his wife, but business is business in pictures. On the next stage Mr. Tone was clutching Jean Harlow most of the day in a scene for "Suzy," so what could he say? Jean and Joan have never been what you might call members of the same sewing circle, y'know, so maybe Joan was secretly pleased to be caught by her husband gazing soulfully into handsome Mr. Taylor's eyes. . . . Under the circumstances, wouldn't you?

Another Trophy

● Out at the studio of Edwin Bower Hesser, whose natural color portraits are without peer, we watched

Ginger Rogers pose for next month's cover. The only way to catch the glorious red-gold shade of Ginger's silken hair is with a color camera. Someday a producer will wake up and put her in a technicolor picture.

She has finished "Swing Time" with Fred Astaire, and next will come a dramatic film, for wisely she alternates with dance and drama pictures.

Ginger's brain is as active as her body. When we finished shooting I asked her if she had any ideas for a pose. She tapped her cheek for a moment, reflecting. "Hmm . . . what do you think of this idea?" and she propounded it. Ginger skipped into the dressing room while we arranged the setting, and the result was a stunning cover used on MOVIE CLASSIC. She



Ginger Rogers has pep, personality and a friendly attitude toward the world. Natural color photos bring out her true personality

had tied a big scarf about her neck and waist. Seated in front of a half red half black background the effect was thrilling.

When Stars Pose

● You learn much about the stars, watching them sit for color portraits. I asked Joan Bennett to pose for the September SCREEN PLAY cover, and she arrived promptly for her appointment, having selected a powder blue costume. A little hat to match the powder blue tailored suit fitted snugly over long blonde curls. Justly proud of her star sapphires, she rested her arm over a chair so they could be seen. It is hot under the lights; she is leaving for Europe; she has many things to do. But Joan is

serene. She wants to please her fans and if this helps, well and good.

She is the exact opposite of sister Constance in temperament, though both are gifted with hard common sense. Not long ago Joan was obscure, Connie at the top. Now it is reversed. The fans didn't like Connie's harum-scarum ways, she irritated or enraged the press and the critics. Alienating the affections of the public is something that sister Joan will never do. Joan Bennett, under contract to Walter Wanger, will be a star long after many of her contemporaries have disappeared.

Pint-Sized Portrait

● When I looked through the finder of the color camera, tiny Janet Gaynor looked like a very small and very cuddly doll. She was sitting for Mr. Hesser for the September cover of MOVIE CLASSIC, peering demurely over a glittering fan. She has a small, confidential voice, made just to fit her. Janet likes to sit and talk about all sorts of things that interest her, including how color photos are made. She has an eager curiosity about life, and a retentive memory. Everything about her is expressive movement; she'll rest her chin on a pulled-up knee, her eyes will twinkle, her nose crinkle as she talks. Of all the stars, she is the only one who has this knack of being "just folks." She draws out your confidences and trades her own. Writers like to interview her because she invariably has a story.



Different as day from night in comparison with her sister . . . Joan Bennett listens to the radio in her home after a busy day at the studio



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